CIRCULATION LAST WEEK
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Poetry.

HER LETTER.

She has written her little letter;
It was hard enough to do,
With mistress forever ringing the bell
Always for something new.
When the spelling was very uncertain,
And the writing's blotted and slow,
But she'g written her little letter
Over the sea to go.

It will carry her last month's wages—
A couple of pounds at least.
It means for the dear home people
No end of a happy feast—
A little shawl for her mother,
And shoes for the baby's feet,
For the pale faced ailing sister
Some delicate things to eat.

She follows her little letter
Over the plunging sea,
She sits again by the smoking peat,
And leans on her father's knee.
There are gossiping neighbors calling,
No end of kith and kin,
And they laugh and chat and linger
As their endless tales they spin.

And it isn't work forever,
With bells that make one start,
And it isn't only the wages,
It's something tugs at the heart
And sets her laughing and crying
As she follows across the sea
What she wrote at her kitchen table
When she had a half-hour free.
—Harper's Weekly.

For The Blade.

BELOVED.

I sleep, beloved, yet in my sweetest dreams
One face I see, enrobed in loveliness;
And with that star to guide my faltering feet
I'd dream, content, a thousand ages through.
Thy voice I hear and all my soul awakes
To search for thee, the cadences of heaven,
And finding thee, to claim thee as mine own—
A thousand strings to music in my heart,
The rosy dawn shines thro' my curtained lids.
Oh, night, oh, dreams, more sweet than day-light fair.
Yet, Love, again beneath thy cloak, I press
This heart to thine, and hear the beatings low,
That calls me like the sobbing of the sea.
Thy lips to mine a heavenly flame inspires.
My soul comes forth and laughs on thy warm mouth.
Mine image dwells within thine eyes so deep—
A willing slave to all thy fond desires;
And on the face of those pure lovelit lakes
Truth, in her bark, a silent watcher sails.
Oh! drift not from my vision, lest my heart
Bereft of soul that in thy dwelling lies
A faithless ship-wrecked mariner becomes.
IDA ETHEL ECKERT.

THE OLD TIN SHEEP.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels;
"I'm growing old, and down my back
I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack.
There's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep, "till he's old how an old toy feels."

"I used to trundle about the floor;
But that was when I was young and new;
It's something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door.

"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss?
Someone is taking me out, I know.
They're pulling my string, and away I go.
Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep; "I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
About the nursery it went so fast.
The floor beneath seemed flying past.
While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels went round with a doleful sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side;
The wheels moved slowly and stopped with a creak.
And the wax doll heard it faintly speak,
"There's nobody knows what he can do," said the sheep; "till he has tried."
—Katharine Pyle in July St. Nicholas.

Miscellany.

"DEEP SEA MARRIAGES."

This California minister is the originator of "deep sea marriages." He is located at Monterey, and has a boat always

THE REV. H. S. SNODGRASS.

ready in which to take runaway couples out beyond the three-mile boundary line so that they can be married without any bother over law or license.

HE LAUGHED LAST.

An Expert Whom the Clerks Mistook for a Hayseed.

Ex-Governor Jackson, of Iowa, for many years was the Hawkeye secretary of state, and employed in his office quite a large clerical force, says the Chicago Times-Herald. One afternoon a rather rusty ruralite wandered in and Mr. Jackson immediately saw in the newcomer opportunities for fun.

"Hev ye got a telephone?" stammered the caller.

"Certainly," replied Jackson, "there it is on the wall. Help yourself to it." Then as the stranger slowly walked up to the telephone and began looking it over, Jackson passed word among the clerks to watch the experiment of a jay in trying to use a telephone for the first time.

The visitor looked the instrument over carefully, as if trying to figure out how to use it. The entire office force was watching him with unconcealed amusement. Finally he timidly took down the receiver, looked at it with evident curiosity, tapped it gently with his fingers, and then, giving a glance about the room, blew the dust of the receiver, and putting his lips close to it softly said: "Hello!"

This was too much for the clerks. The office force burst into a roar of laughter, and Jackson promptly went to the assistance of the old man. "Hold on!" he cried. "Don't try to talk into that. That is the receiver; not the transmitter. Hang it up again; then turn the little crank on the right; place the receiver to your ear and wait till central answers."

The visitor was looking at Jackson as curiously as one might regard an escaped lunatic. "Say," he drawled, "what's the matter with you, anyway? I'm an expert sent over here by the Bell Telephone company to find out what's the matter with this instrument."

And not a clerk dared look up from his work for the next hour.

No Misrepresentation.

Indignant Purchaser—See here, sir, I don't want this horse you sold me. He balks. I can't get him over the bridge.

Dealer—That's the reason I sold him. Why did you come to me for the horse?

"I saw your advertisement in the paper."

"I thought so. I gave my reason for selling him."

"Yes; to be sold, you stated, for no other reason that that the owner wants to go out of town."

"Well, if you can go out of town with him it will be more than I can do."—Odds and Ends.

A Man to Venerate.

Perry Patettie—I git mighty tired of seein' Gladstone's name in the papers.

Wayworn Watson—I don't. I have had a genuyne love for that man ever since I see that he said this here: "My ambition is for rest, and rest alone."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MRS. M'KINLEY'S TEACHER

Miss Harriet Gault Wants to Be Postmistress.

Thirty years ago Mrs. William McKinley, who was then pretty Ida Saxton, was a student at Brooke Hall, in Media, Pa., a famous school, of which Miss Harriet F. Gault and Miss Maria L. Eastman were the principals. A few months since there was a wrangle for the office of postmaster in Media, and the incident served to bridge over the 30 years, according to

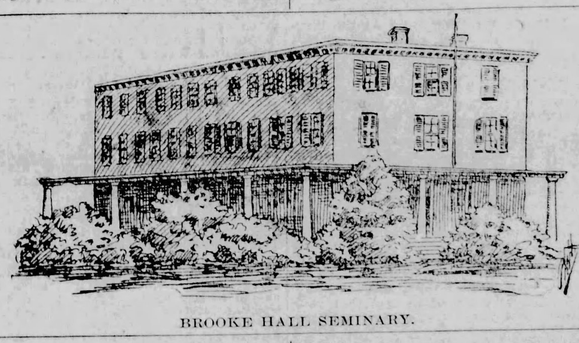
MISS HARRIET GAULT.

the following story from the New York World. Mrs. McKinley was reminded of her school life and seized the opportunity to show her gratitude to the woman who had once been her preceptress. The incident is particularly interesting in that out of it there has come a knowledge of both Mrs. McKinley's girlish characteristics and of her womanly kindness of heart to-day. Brooke Hall died out of existence long ago. Its former principal saw her money melt away and yet could find no occupation that she considered fitting for a gentlewoman to engage in. One day not long after President McKinley was inaugurated she learned that there would be a vacancy in the Media postoffice and that the salary of $2,200 a year would save her from the penury which she had so good reason to dread. Yet the achievement of such a position seemed hopeless. She could not enlist the good will of Senator Quay or toady to a Republican Congressman. But she had not forgotten Ida Saxton and petition has been learned from Miss Gault's own lips. Everybody in Media knows Hattie Gault. She is a gracious little lady, about 50 years of age, who shows that she has known care, but is very entertaining in spite of it. The mention of Mrs. McKinley is sufficient to open Miss Gault's heart and set her chatting.

"There is no doubt about my getting the position," she said when questioned. "Mrs. McKinley is an invalid and not able to write, but I know that she has asked the President to appoint me, and that he has acceded to her wishes. I know my candidacy has a good deal of opposition, but under the circumstances I am not worrying about that.

"It is a long time ago that I knew Mrs. McKinley personally. She was my pupil for three years, from 1862 to 1865. She did not graduate, although I do not know why she should have failed to, unless it was that Major McKinley had already captured her heart. It was not long after she left us that she was married.

"As I look back now over my school experience I cannot remember, nor could I imagine, a more model student than Ida Saxton. The teachers loved her, and the girls adored her, and there was good reason for it. She was a charming girl personally and rather fond of adornment, although altogether free from deceit. The girls were particularly fond of her because she was so sympathetic and always ready to listen to a story of misfortune and to help wherever she could. She was very faithful in her work, yet



BROOKE HALL SEMINARY.

joined in the girlish games with much enthusiasm, though of a quieter nature than her sister. She danced very little, but preferred out of door exercise. I remember that we thought her particularly dignified and self-reliant, and that she never joined in any of the escapades to which so many school girls are addicted. No men called on her while she was at the school, as the rules of Brooke Hall forbade anything of the sort.

"Ida Saxton was pre-eminently a religious girl. She was a regular worshiper at the Episcopal church and interested in religious matters. Her invalidism does not date from this period, as there was no suggestion of poor health about her at this time, although we did not think her particularly robust."

SIZED HER UP BY HER DRESS

And Because It Was Red the Old Farmer Fled.

A tale was told on an all-round clubwoman of comely countenance, once the possessor of a red cloth gown, says the Chicago Times-Herald. One day during the World's fair, when the gorgeous hue was not as popular as this season and consequently more conspicuous, this piece of scarlet apparel was worn down town on a shopping expedition. As is usual in State street excursions of the fair sex, the culminating point was the seductive soda fountain.

It happened that into the drug store where the aforesaid woman in bright habiliments was enjoying a soft summer drink there sauntered a gaunt, backwoods farmer with queer-cut whiskers and an unsophisticated satchel. The stranger desired direction to a North Side address, and the obliging clerk gave it with profuse explanation. The newcomer, however, was considerably confused with his initiation into the modus metropolitan, and no amount of minute information could clear his befuddled brain.

"I live on the North Side," finally intercepted the woman in scarlet cloth, with a smile. "If you will take this car on the corner I shall be glad to tell you when to get off."

The wayfaring man, though a fool, did not intend to err therein. Not for a minute. One suspicious look he gave at the red apparel and one searching look at the encouraging countenance of its fair wearer. With a frantic plunge for his oilcloth valise and a wild break through the side door, he stopped one solitary instant to fling back a parting epithet that was half a prayer.

"Oh, Lord," was the escaping exclamation, "the Scarlet Woman!"

Afraid of Germs.

"Mrs. Duckley is very much afraid of germs."

"Yes?"

"Always boils the water, even that which she uses for washing her face and hands."

"Indeed!"

"But I noticed to-day when she paid her carfare that she had been carrying her nickel in her mouth."—Cleveland Leader.

A Heartless Stratagem.

"How did you stop the elopement?" asked Maud.

"By a detestable piece of trickery," replied Mamie.

"They came very near getting away in safety."

"Yes. But her father put his head out of the window and shouted that her hat was on crooked, and when she grabbed for it she upset the tandem."—Washington, Evening Star.

Witnesses Not Required.

Justice—You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens. Have you any witnesses?

Uncle Mose—I heb not. I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses.—Albany Law Journal.

Not Committing Herself.

Margaret—I think long engagements are detestable, don't you?

Isabel—Well, they're better than none.—Detroit News.

GREAT IN OLD AGE.

Rosa Bonheur, who is now slightly past 75, has just finished four large pastels—the first work that she has put on exhibition in 30 years.

The pictures are pronounced by the French critics to be among the best that

ROSA BONHEUR

have come from the brush of the great artiste. The canvases display undiminished vigor and a poetic conception that has mellowed but not faltered with age.

The celebrated painter was born in Bordeaux in 1822. Pupil of her father, Raymond Bonheur, she sent her first effort to the salon of 1841 and obtained her initial medal in 1845. Officer of the Legion of Honor, member of the Antwerp Institute and commander in the Order of Isabella, the Catholic, she has directed (from her country home) for 30 years, the Free Academy of Design for young ladies.

Rosa Bonheur has been the recipient of every honor known to painters and her pictures may be found in almost every gallery of note in the world.

She leads a life of seclusion in her hermitage at Bry. She assumes the garb of a peasant and is a very striking figure in blouse and sabots.

Expense No Drawback.

"The fine will be $3 and costs," announced the Police Magistrate.

"I'm willing to make it $10 and costs, 'Squire," said the scorcher, "if you'll have it entered in the printed record that I was going twenty miles an hour and my machine was a Greased Lightning, geared to eighty-four."—Chicago Tribune.

Worse.

"Aleworthy has quit drinking entirely since he married."

"He has quit drinking, but he has contracted the bargain-counter habit."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHITE HOUSE HUMOR.

Washington Post.

President McKinley is essentially a serious minded man, but amiable and good-natured, and possessed of a supply of patience that would have put Job, with all his boils, to shame. But he has also a humorous side—a side never revealed to the public, however. Throughout his public career he has avoided levity or the appearance of levity. The public enjoys comedy, but it rejects tragedy from the mouth of the comedian, and many a statesman, whose brilliant sallies of wit earned him fame, has discovered too late that the public turns away its head when he attempts to be serious. Although the President has, therefore, always enacted the role of the tragedian upon the stage of life, appealing to the minds and hearts of the public. When he is away from the glare of the footlights he not only relishes a joke, but sometimes can not resist the impulse to poke fun at his intimates. Office-seekers, under the strain of pregnant hopes, are in too much agony to enjoy a joke. When they crowd in to see the President they are, in a measure, like men before a jury. Their fate is in his hands, and to a man in the dock, levity is ghastly. No matter how persistent the importunities, or how ridiculous the claims of an applicant for office, it would be cruel to be anything but serious. Still, even the President can not always command himself, nor restrain an occasional flash of humor. One of the best illustrations of this was found in the anecdote told Capt. Meredith, the chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who has haunted the White House ever since the inauguration in an endeavor to secure his old place. It is probable that Meredith, instead of appreciating the absurdity of the situation, did have a sinking sensation in his stomach when the President innocently asked him what his chances were, followed the question by warmly congratulating him, when Capt. Meredith answered in a dazed sort of way that he thought they were pretty good.

A few days ago Senator Foraker escorted a place-hunting constituent in to see Mr. McKinley. The Ohio Senator had been on similar missions for a week. Foraker knows he earns the eternal gratitude of his constituents by making the effort, and failure does not daunt him. On this particular occasion, after the Ohio Senator had presented the claims of his friend, the President looked at him quizzically a moment. Then his face assumed a well-simulated expression of anxiety, which, however, could not hide the twinkle in his eye as he said:

"Foraker, you don't look well. You are working too hard. Why don't you take a rest?"

The Ohio Senator was greatly amused after he got out of the White House, but his companion saw no cause for merriment in the President's anxiety concerning Foraker's health.

Ben Butterworth, of Ohio, now commissioner of patents, used to say that McKinley was devoid of all sense of humor. But this was at a time when Butterworth wasn't in a position to fully appreciate humor. They were both in Congress—it was just before the opening of the memorable Fifty-first. Both had aspirations for the Speakership, but the Ohio delegation in caucus decided to present McKinley as their candidate. Butterworth thought McKinley took the indorsement of his candidacy too much as a matter of course and totally disregarded Mr. Butterworth's claims, which, it goes without saying, he considered quite as weighty as McKinley's. It was after the caucus that Butterworth advanced this proposition touching McKinley's deficiency in humor.

"Why," said Butterworth, "if McKinley and I were walking through an orchard which had only one bearing tree and that tree had but two apples, he would pick both, put one in his pocket, take a bite out of the other, and then calmly turn to me and ask:

"'Ben, do you like apples?'"

SHE HUNTS BIG GAME.

Mrs. Alan Gardner never hunted till she married an English colonel, but she soon found herself drawn into the sports in which her husband found so much pleasure, and her first visit to New Zealand about fifteen years ago gave her a fine opportunity to learn the charm of hunting wild goats. India has since been

MRS. ALAN GARDNER.

the scene of many of Mrs. Gardner's best efforts. Her list of game is long and varied, and panthers, tigers, bears, lions, stags, wild goats, wallaby and elk make a truly respectable hunting list. To Mrs. Gardner's own gun, too, have fallen leopard in the Himalayas, and bustard and antelope in Somaliland, so that, in spite of her modest disclaimer, few will be found to dispute her right to the name of "sportswoman." Her "Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots" is said to be a very clever book by people who have been in those districts.

An Episode.

"No, John!"

The words were spoken gently, yet firmly. Had I been older and more experienced in the ways of the gentler sex I might have known that the answer was final.

But I was young—very, very young—and I was vain enough to think that she would be unable to resist my pleading.

I entreated her to take back those cruel words, but she would not listen. I begged—I implored, but she was inexorable. Yet she was kind. She merely told me that nothing I could say would move her. It was for my own good, she said, and some day I would thank her for it.

Her calm, cool manner angered me, and, forgetting the deference due the fair sex, I threatened violence.

She looked at me reprovingly and shook her head. She did not fear me in the least. Tortured beyond endurance by grief and anger, I burst into unmanly tears.

At last she was aroused. Drawing herself up to her full height, she said in angry tones: "No, John Henry, you can't have another piece of pie, and if you don't stop that noise I'll spank you good!"—New York Evening Journal.

Tandem Divorces.

When a tandem couple quarrel in Chicago they go into court and sue for separate wheels and maintenance.—New Orleans Picayune.

Always at Hand.

Visitor (at dime museum)—What do you do when you feel the need of exercise?

Living Skeleton—I take a walk around the fat woman.—Chicago Tribune.

SQUAN CREEK FOLKS.

Jep Jones Tells How School Was Broken Up.

Most of us folks in Squan Creek was agin a skule as a skule, but arter a deal o' talkin' and wranglin' and callin' harl names it was agreed to open one and see how things would pan out. Solomon Jackson seemed to hit things about right when he said:

"Eddecashun is fur them as don't know 'nuff to flirt a clam outer the sand with thar toes. I we knowed as much as Shakespeare it wouldn't help us to ketch any mo' lobsters."

The skule started off with thirty scolars and a woman teacher from Philadelphia. Nobody talked to her before she opened bizness, and so she went ahead in the reg'lar way. It was just two days when Absalam Thompson come down to the wharf lookin' mighty excited, and when he could git his breath, he says:

"Revs, what d'ye 'spose has happened? I'll be goshed to Goshen if that schoolma'am hain't gone in to bust the community! This arternoon she told all her scholars that the airth was as round as a ball!"

"I cun't believe it!" says Josephus Harmon.

"She'd never dare to do it!" says Joe Taylor.

"Did I ever hear the likes of that!" says Phineas Green.

But it turned out that she had said so, and moreover when a committee was appointed to go and see her about it she held up her chin and declar'd that it was so. Then we called an indignashun meetin' to see what should be done. When the meetin' was ready fur bizness, Plato White got up and says:

"I know thar's hills and hollers on this airth, fur I've seen some of 'em myself, but outside o' them the world is as flat as my ole wallet, and anybody as says different does it to pick a fuss."

"I'm with Plato," says Harrison Pomeroy as he gits up. "That time I was blowed out to sea and picked up by an Englishman and carried to Liverpool I found nuthin' but flatness fur the hull 3,000 miles. If the world had bin round we'd hev either gone up or gone down hill. I felt in my bones jest how it would be, and now it's come. The idea o' that gal comin' here to talk sich stuff and nonsense to folks as hev bin ketchin' crabs and lobsters fur the last hundred y'ars!"

Three or four others follered in the same strain, and then the preacher got up and purty nigh took the roof off the buildin' by declarin' that the gal was right. He brung in a globe to prove it, and he pinted out sails on the ocean to back up the globe. He run agin a mudbank, however. He pinted and talked and talked and pinted, but nobody would believe him. Bimeby he got tired and said he didn't keer whether we believed or not, and we passed a resolushun that the gal shouldn't teach any more sich stuff to our children if she wanted to keep her job. Things went along all right fur a week or so, and some of the children had got so they could tell the pictur' of a kangaroo from that of a church steeple, when the skule-ma'am broke loose agin. She told the children that the airth moved around the sun, and before dark Squan Creek was bilin' over with excitement. It was wuss than when we got the news that P. T. Barnum's five-legged colt was dead. We called another indignashun meetin' that very night, and Tim Smith got up and said:

"Ar' this heresy or sedition or what? Ever since Columbus diskivered this North Ameriky, with Noo Jersey and Squan Creek inclooded, the sun hev bin movin' from Squan Creek Pint around to Seven Feet Inlet. Our grandfathers saw it, our fathers saw it, and if we hain't seen it then we must be blind. She's moved every day of her life, and the airth hain't had nuthin' to do with it, but along comes a gal from Philadelphia that don't know an oyster bed from a jib-topsail and says the sun has bin standin' still all this time! I was purty nigh knocked out when she declar'd again the flatness of the airth, but this thing finishes me. I can't 'low my son Jonas to 'tend that skule no more. With sich teachin's as that he wouldn't know 'nuff to bait a fish-hook next y'ar."

Tim Smith sot down amidst the awfullest sort of applause, and then Solomon Tompkins got up and said:

"We ar' told that this airth do move. When has she moved? Every man of us here to-night was born in Squan Creek, and did any of us ever know this town to move up to New York or down to Barnegat? Has the wharf or the boathouses moved? Ain't everything standin' jest what it was fifty y'ars ago? As to the sun standin' still, if my ole woman should tell me that I should hev her locked up fur an idiot. She's bin movin' ever since the wheels of time was set in moshun, and she'll keep right on movin' when Squan Creek has bin forgotten. I've got a boy named Thomas, what is attendin' that skule. He's a good boy, and he'll find a clam under two feet of mud. Rather than hev that boy spilt I'll sell out and move away."

Solomon also got lots of applause, and then we sent fur the teacher to explain matters. She showed up and she was powerful sassy about it. She stuck to it that the sun stood still and the airth moved, and she talked and talked to prove it, and the preacher backer her up. We knowed we coodn't be mistooken about it, but arter jawin' fur a couple o' hours we agreed to try her fur a week longer. We voted to do it, and it was a mimit and overwhelm us, and we paid that gal four dollars and sent her off next day and broke up the skule. That's bin talk of settin' up another—one to l'arn the children to read and write—but I don't think it'll ever be done. Readin' and writin' is good 'nuff fur folks as hev nuthin' else to do, but they don't help nobody to find clams nor set lobster pots.

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"THE OLD MAN GOT ARTER HIM."

'POSSUM SKETCHES.

Zeb White, He Tells of the Preacher Who Believed in Joseph and Ashes.

We had been talking about the moonshiners and their ways and tricks to beat the revenue officers, when Zeb White turned on me with a smile and said:

"Of co'se yo' know that I used to run a still up yere, and fur two or three y'ars them revenoo fellers down at Knoxville wanted to see me powerful bad. They was cute as foxes, but they never did get the best of me. I was jest thinkin' of the feller who cum up yere with the new sort o' religun."

I asked him to relate the circumstances, and after softly closing the kitchen door wherein Mrs. White was melting tallow and dipping candles, he resumed:

"Yo' know them revenoo fellers never go huntin' fur a still at random. They allus send a spy up yere, and arter he has nosed around and found sunthin' he sends 'em word. That's the reason we ar' allus so shy of peddlers and other strangers. I had my still in that big ravine we was lookin' at t'other day, and a stranger might hev looked fur it fur a month and never got within forty rods of it. Them revenoo fellers sent up a man to look fur coal and iron, but we soon got on to his game and sent him off. Two or three peddlers cum along and hung around fur a day or two, but they didn't diskiver anythin'. They kept sendin' one sort and another, but it wasn't no good, and I thought they had given it up when a critter appeared who took me in as slick as grease. He said he was a preacher, and he had the look of one. He was about fifty y'ars old, humble as a cat, and the last man on airth to harm a fly or a bug. He called hisself a 'Jospehite,' and he had got up a religun never heard of yere befo'. It was what he called Joseph's religun, and all yo' had to do to be saved was to sprinkle ashes on yo'r head and believe in Joseph."

"And who was Joseph?" I asked.

"I ain't 'zactly cl'ar on that p'int," replied Zeb, "kase the preacher didn't explain very pertickler. He wa'n't no disciple, nor nuthin' of that sort, but some saint or other who had a heap o' influcence, and who was gwine to save everybody who humbled hisself. Them big words the preacher used was too much for us, though they made us believe what he said. He did his preachin' from house to house, and right yere in this room I've seen twenty-six men and wimin on their knees a-prayin' to Joseph, whilst my ole woman was walkin around and sprinklin' ashes on each one's head. It was the same at other cabins, and by and by this got to be known as 'The Josephite Settlement.' Mighty quare times we had fur a few weeks."

"And the preacher turned out to be a revenue spy?"

"I'm cumin' to that. I watched him purty clus fur a time, but he 'peared to be all right. He put mo' ashes on his head than any fo' other people, and the way he shed tears and prayed to Joseph would hev touched yo'r heart. That was jest one thing about him that made me kind o' suspishus. His Joseph believed in whisky, and so did he, and the critter was allus askin' fur it wherever he went. I might hev passed it over, but the ole woman was different. One day she sez to me, sez she:

"'Zeb White, it ain't nateral and never kin be nateral fur a preacher to drink whisky. If that yere Joseph got drunk then I ain't gwine to believe in his goodness.'

"I sot down to argy it out," said Zeb, "and arter a bit I reckoned to consider that whisky and ashes didn't make up much of a religun. The preacher was smackin' his lips over the new religun and the ashes was gittin' down to the roots of our ha'r and makin' the scalp sore and jest then my old dawg sot in to make me mo' suspishus. He begun to act mighty quare and ugly towards that preacher, and I couldn't help but think sunthin' was wrong. I kept my eyes open, but it was several weeks befo' anythin' happened."

"Did the preacher go tramping over the country?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it," replied Zeb. "He jest sot around all day long, or didn't go outer sight, and that was what fooled us. He got moonshine whisky everywhar' he went and most hev knowed that was a still around yere, but he didn't do any lookin'—not till the last. He jest paid strict attenshun to Joseph and the new sort o' religun, and we couldn't sprinkle too many ashes on his head. One night, however, when I was on my way to the still, I heard sumbody follerin' on. When I was suah of it I took another path and dodged about, and arter a bit I throwed the critter off my track. Who it was I couldn't make out, and I was dead-skeert of the revenoo till the next mawnin'. I was eatin' breakfast and feelin' powerful sober when in walks my ole dawg begins to bark and make signs fur me to foller him.

"'He's got a coon up a tree,' sez I to the ole woman.

"'It's sunthin' bigger'n a coon,' sez she as she watches the dawg.

"Arter breakfast I follered him, and he took me in that iron pit I showed yo' t'other day. When I was dodgin' the critter who was follerin' me I passed clus to that pit. I couldn't imagine what the critter had found, and my ha'r jest stood up, ashes and all, when I looked down and saw the preacher at the bottom. It was a fall of about 20 feet, but he wasn't hurt much, and he was lookin' up and wavin'.

"'Ar' that yo', Mr. Bings?' sez I, as I made him out.

"'Yes, it's me, Mr. White.'

"'What yo' doin' down thar'?'

"'In my dreams I saw Joseph walkin' on the mountain side, and I rose in my sleep and follered him and fell in yere.'

"The critter was as cool as could be," said Zeb with a chuckle, "but I was on to his game and knowed at last that he was a revenoo officer. He had cum among us with a new kind of religun, composed mostly of ashes, and so I went over to a burnin' log-heap and gathered a bushel or so of hot ashes and poured 'em down the hole fur his benefit. Then I went arter Cy Davis, Jim Williams and a lot mo', and that arternoon we pulled the varmint out o' the pit. He stood right up and claimed that it was a case o' sleep-walk, and he fell on his knees and prayed to Joseph to forgive our wicked doubts. Consarn his picter, but he 'peared so airnest that we sorter doubted ourselves and didn't do what we had planned to."

"Were you going to hang him, Uncle Zeb?"

"Wall, mebbe. Reckon that was what he deserved. We didn't hurt him, however. We jest tied him up to a tree, cut a lot o' switches, and then told the wimin to see to him. Sum throwed ashes on his head, and sum plied the switches, and the critter kept prayin' to Joseph he didn't git any help from it. He got such a lickin' as would hev made an ox lame fur a month, and when he was ontied he bundled up his new religun and got down to Knoxville as fast as he could limp. That's what makes it purty skeezy fur preachers up yere to this day."

"Ever hear of the man afterwards?"

"Oh, yes. I was down to Knoxville about a y'ar arterwards to git sum tools and I met him on the street. He was one of the revenoo fellers, sush 'nuff, and when I axed him about Joseph, the new religun, ashes and switches, he jest took me into a stob and bought me two pounds of terbacker and axed me to keep shet. Reckon I'll wind up the clock and we'll go to bed. I don't go a heap on religun myself, but the old kind, which hain't got no Joseph or ashes in it, is good 'nuff fur me."

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"THE WIMMIN FOLKS ATTENDED TO THE PREACHER."

A MISSING BROTHER.

The only passenger who got off the evening train at Jackson's Valley came up to the shanty hotel, in front of which a dozen of us were sitting after supper. Taking a vacant chair and lighting his pipe, he said to the postmaster next to him:

"About six weeks ago my brother Ben started from Laurel Hill for this place. He got here all right, but I can't find what became of him afterwards. Hev you hung anybody lately?"

"We are hanging somebody every three or four days," replied the postmaster. "Let's see! This is Tuesday. I think we hung a chap last Friday. Yes, I know we did."

"If my brother Ben was hung it was several weeks ago. Ben was a big fellow, with a sort of humped back, and he had a sort o' roar in his voice when he spoke."

"Would he give us any excuse to hang him?"

"I think he would. Bein' in a strange town, and wantin' to show off, he'd go around bluffin' everybody. Brother Ben is great on the bluff."

"But would he shoot or do anything of that sort?" asked the postmaster.

"I never knowed him to, but he might. Bluff was his great holt, but it's jest possible that he might hev shot at somebody to back it up. Try and think if you hung him."

"Let's see—let's see! Big man—big voice—humped-back—great hand to bluff? Did his toes turn in?"

"Yes, they did."

"And when he roared he sort o' winked one eye?"

"That's Ben to a dot!"

"Two front teeth gone, and a scar on his cheek?"

"Exactly. You must hev seen brother Ben."

"Yes, I have. We hung that man five or six weeks ago, and his grave is up on the hill. He bluffed around here for three or four days, and was finally ordered off. He didn't go, and so we hung him."

"And did he die easy?" asked the stranger.

"Pretty easy, if I remember right."

"Hev much to say?"

"Not much. Said he'd like to see his brother Jim once more, I think."

"That's me. So he's hung and buried, eh?"

"Yes, hung and buried. No hard feelings, I hope?"

"Oh, none 'tall. I was jest inquirin', you know, and bein' satisfied that it was my brother Ben, and bein' willin' to believe that the durned kuss deserved what he got, I guess I'll go in and get some supper and then jog along back."

NO DODGING THERE.

He had put in three days at the summer resort when his indignation became so great that he called for his bill and said to the landlord:

"I believe you advertised magnificent scenery up here?"

"Yes, sir, I did," was the prompt reply.

"With good fishing in the lake?"

"With good fishing, sir."

"And pure air and no mosquitoes?"

"That's it, sir. That's the way the advertisement reads."

"And flies unknown?"

"And flies unknown."

"And you guaranteed the location free from malaria?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"And, sir," continued the guest, "you advertised that your table was unsurpassed, your rooms large and airy, and that everybody would be made to feel at home."

"Exactly, sir. Yes, all that is in my advertisement. Is there anything wrong, sir?"

"I should say there was! Where is the scenery?"

"There is none in particular."

"And the fish?"

"Never knew of one being caught here."

"And there are thousands of flies and mosquitoes?"

"True, sir—true."

"And your table is poor, your rooms stuffy, and there's nothing home-like about the place."

"That's true, sir—all true."

"Then you admit that you lied about it?" asked the guest.

"Oh, is that what you are getting at?" replied the landlord. "Why, of course—of course. Yes, sir, I lied about it, and I'd have told you so half an hour ago if you'd mentioned it. Yes, sir, I'm a liar, and your bill is $7.50. Shall be glad to have you stay longer next season."

ROBERT E LEE, JR.

Robert E. Lee, jr., made an eloquent speech in Nashville the other night on the confederate soldier and the audience fairly went wild with enthusiasm. Mr. Lee is a lawyer in Washington. He is

ROBERT E. LEE, JR.

a grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee and greatly resembles him. He is six feet three inches tall and very fine looking. Mr. Lee has one brother, who holds an important position in Bellevue Hospital in New York.

HE DIDN'T SURVIVE.

A Grim Story of Napoleon the Great and a Grenadier.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them at least were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and, pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?"

Without stirring an inch from his position or changing the expression of his face in the least the stern old grenadier himself replied gravely:

"The man who did it is dead."—Youth's Companion.

Willing to Oblige.

Miss Katie—Papa, if you will promise to keep awake, I will read to you my graduating essay. I have just finished it.

Mr. Billus—I promise, Katie. Maria, hand me that bottle of ammonia, will you?—Chicago Tribune.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Iron Pyrites.

N. G., Dentonville, Kan.: The mineral sample you send is iron pyrites mixed with fragments of rock. Iron pyrites is iron sulphide—a combination of sulphur and iron. By putting some of it, coarsely powdered, on an iron shovel, and placing the shovel on a bed of coals where it will get red-hot, the sulphur is driven off, and the iron oxidated. When it cools, instead of looking like tarnished gold, it has a brick red color, like iron rust. Iron pyrites is often called "fool's gold," because it is so often mistaken for gold when found.

Vinegar will corrode any metal if left in contact with it for some time.

A. B., Guin, Ala.: By a coincidence your letter was received one day after the above query had been replied to. The mineral you send is the same thing—iron pyrites—as was sent by our Kansas correspondent, and the answer is the same. It is widely disseminated in nature, and is of no value unless the deposit is so abundant and easily mined that it can be gotten out in carload lots. It can then be used, we are told, in an industrial way. Iron pyrites looks like gold, but it is not, as the hot shovel test in the answer above will show, nor does its presence indicate the proximity of gold.

Hoop Snakes Again.

D. L. B., Beloit, Kan., sends us the following: "In your answer to W. P., Toledo, O., in Weekly Blade of July 8, you say there is no such thing as a hoop snake. There is, in the states on a line from Missouri south, a snake called a hoop snake that resembles a garter snake, except the colors are more brilliant and the rear extremity looks as though it had been chopped off one-third of the way from the end. On top is a black thorn, the size of a rooster's spur. The snake is found in grassy places along creeks, and when disturbed will roll up like a hoop and strike with the thorn on its tail. It crawls like any ordinary snake at other times. The thorn projects from the upper side of the end of the tail, slanting up and back slightly. The snake is considered dangerous. Have killed one and examined it."

The popular, and erroneous, belief about the alleged "hoop snake" is that it takes its tail in its mouth and pursues a foe, or runs away, by rolling like a hoop. This is utterly false; and we take the liberty of doubting the statement given above that it rolls up like a hoop and strikes with the spur on its tail. We can find no description of snakes in any work describing serpents which is of this character. Will some reader versed in ophiology throw some light on this discussion?

The "Joint" Snake.

J. H., Swanton, O., sends the following: "The hoop snake is no doubt a myth, but the existence of the joint snake is not a fable. It resembles the garter snake in color, but is shorter and larger, and the head is not so flat. It has five joints, between the intestines and the end of the tail. It takes some violence to separate the joints, and they never can be made to grow together. I have tried it, but the snake showed no will to be repaired after that style. They were quite numerous on Otter creek in Linn county, Iowa, but I never saw any in any other part of the Western country. This was more than fifty years ago."

This, again, is quite different from the popular belief about "joint" snakes or "glass" snakes; that, when attacked they break into joints, each seeking safety, and when the danger is over come together, and join to make the perfect reptile. Any one conversant with the merest rudiments of anatomy knows that such a thing is impossible.

The "Anti-Rent" War.

"Have the courts ever passed on the constitutionality of the kind of 'rents' claimed by the heirs of the old Patroon estates in Delaware, Columbia and Rensselaer counties, New York, which gave rise to the anti-rent riots there in 1844?"—J. W. B., Aurora, Mo.

The Dutch West India company authorized its members to take up land on both sides of streams and rivers, on condition of introducing 50 settlers for every mile of land. The proprietor had the title of lord patroon or proprietor, and his colony, or manor, was governed by the same customs and laws as were the feudal manors of Holland. The cultivators occupied their farms on leases for one or more lives, or from year to year, on stipulations for the payment of rent, dues and services, copied from the feudal tenures of England and Holland. The counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia, Greene, Ulster, Delaware, Schoharie, Montgomery, Herkimer, Otsego and Oneida include in their limits the most of those lands.

In 1779 and 1785 laws were enacted by the state legislature abolishing feudal tenures; but the patroons devised a form of deed by which the grantees contracted to perform services, and pay rents and dues, precisely similar. In 1839, "anti-rent" associations were formed to devise means of getting rid of these, and the agitation continued until 1845, when the trial and conviction of a number of anti-renters for conspiracy and resistance to law, put an end to lawlessness. In 1846, a clause was put in the state constitution abolishing all feudal tenures, and forbidding the leasing of agricultural land for a longer term than twelve years.

We doubt if the question of the constitutionality of such rents, under the present national constitution, has ever been passed upon by the courts. If any reader knows definitely, we will be obliged for the information, with references.

Sod Rings.

R., Seattle, Wash., sends the following theory of the origin of sod rings, which was discussed in the last issue of the Weekly Blade:

"The sod ring originates from a seed. The first year there is a solitary sprout, having the power to vanquish other grasses for a distance of about two inches; next year there will be about 100 sprouts surrounding the solitary one, growing very compact and resembling a good-sized barber's brush. The third year the brush will be three or four inches in diameter, advancing at least an inch on the outside in all directions, growing compact and circular in form. When the plot has attained about 18 inches in diameter, it begins to die in the center, and dies in the same proportion as it grows on the outer circumference, thus forming a beautiful green ring, that grows every year a little larger, and awakes the wonder and admiration of all observers. Such a ring 50 feet in diameter must be at least 300 years old. The sod rings are quite common on the old upland prairie."

Ex Post Facto Laws.

A. T. S., Chicago, Ill.: The Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia gives the following definition:

"A law made after the offense, and under which prosecution for the offense is possible; a law operating on matter which took place before it was passed; as used in the restrictions imposed by the United States constitutional law, a law which, if allowed validity, would operate to make an act criminal which was not so when done, or to increase the punishment of a previous act, or in any way so to alter the rules of criminal procedure or evidence as to put one accused of a crime committed previous to the law in a worse position before the courts. Such laws are prohibited by the constitution of the United States."

Table-Tipping.

"Has the mystery concerning the cause, or causes, of table-turning ever been solved? If so, I would like to know the reason why the table turns."—G. H., Mechanicsburg, Ind.

The general accepted position of scientific men is that there is no "mystery" about it; that it is simply a case of sleight-of-hand, or else of direct fraud. There is no authentic case of table-tipping under proper conditions before experienced scientific men. Furthermore, if the phenomena were real, there is nothing to prove that they are the work of disimbodied spirits.

Peter Dens.

"I have upon several occasions heard quoted a work called 'Peter Dens' Theology.' Will you kindly tell me who Peter Dens is, or was, and about this work?"—G. F. S., Salem, Ore.

Peter Dens was born at Boom, a town of Belgium, on the river Rupel, in 1690, and died 1775. He was a well-known Roman Catholic theologian, and the work which has rendered his name familiar is his "Theologia Moralis et Dogmatica"—that is, moral and dogmatic theology.

Kaolin.

"Please tell whether kaolin is of more than one color or not, and oblige a subscriber."—F. T., Gate Creek, Ore.

Kaolin, or porcelain clay, is so named from Kao-ling, the name of a hill in China from whence it was first obtained. The varieties used for table ware, etc., are very white, but kaolin is also formed of various colors, caused by iron oxide and other impurities. The colored varieties are found in large quantities at Brandon, Vt., where they are used to adulterate paint.

No Such Test.

"Where can I find in the Bible that the people are getting weaker and wiser?"—W. H. K., McClellantown, Pa.

There is no text in the Bible which makes any such statement concerning the people of these latter days. We have been asked similar questions so often that we think there must be a wide misapprehension on this point upon the part of a great many people.

Rare Coins, Etc.

W. H. R., Oregon, Ill.: There were a vast number of copper coins, tokens, medals, etc., issued in Revolutionary days, and the one you describe may be one of them. We are unable, however, to find any one described which fits the description you send.

A. J., Angola, Ind.: There is no premium on any treasury note of the series of 1896.

The Chautauqua Assembly.

"Will you please tell as much as space will permit about Chautauqua, its aims and objects, etc.?"—M. D. W., Joplin, Mo.

Lake Chautauqua is a beautiful sheet of water in Chautauqua county, N. Y., only about a dozen miles from Lake Erie, but 730 feet above its level. The lake is some 26 miles long and from two to six miles wide. It derives its name from the Indian word chau-tau-qua, meaning "bag tied in the middle," which as a matter of fact is the shape of the lake. Steamboats ply the waters of Chautauqua, and there are big hotels at each of the dozen landings along the shore. The Sunday school assembly at Chautauqua, which is in session during August, attracts scens of thousands from all parts of the country. It is an ideal summer resort and a decided favorite among people all over the country. There are quite a number of conventions, assemblies, etc., which meet annually at different points on the shores, but those which have made it famous are the Chautauqua assembly and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle.

The Chautauqua assembly was organized in 1874 as the result of a joint plan of Lewis Miller and Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent. It holds annual sessions during July and August at Chautauqua. The plan includes courses of instruction, language, literature, science and art, lecture courses, musicales, recitals and concerts, and various forms of entertainment and recreation.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific circle was organized at Chautauqua in 1878, with the aim of continuing the influence of the assembly throughout the year in all parts of the country. Since that time more than two hundred and twenty-eight thousand members have been enrolled. The circle aims to promote habits of reading and study in history, literature, science and art, in connection with the routine of daily life. The course seeks to give "the college outlook" on the world and life. The essentials of the plan are: A definite course covering four years, each year's course complete in itself; specified volumes approved by the counselors, allotment of time by the week and month, a monthly magazine with additional readings and notes, a membership book with review outlines, and other aid. Individual readers may have all the privileges and local circles may be formed by three or four members. The time required is about one hour daily for nine months. Certificates are granted to all who complete the course. Seals are affixed to the certificates which are granted for collateral and advanced reading. Any one may become a member of the C. L. S. C. by sending an application together with fifty cents (the annual fee) to Rev. Dr. John H. Vincent, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver Dollars Coined.

"Were there any silver dollars coined from the year 1839 to 1872? Were there any coined in 1872? If any, what amount?"—J. P. G., South Bend, Ind.

There were coined from 1793 to 1805 a total of $1,439,517 silver dollars. In 1805 President Jefferson ordered the coinage of silver dollars stopped, because they were exported as fast as coined, being worth a little more as bullion than the Spanish and Mexican silver dollars of that time, which were then a legal tender in this country. No more were coined until 1836, when $1,000 were struck off. None were coined in 1837 or 1838, only 300 in 1839, and from 1839 to 1873 the coinage was continuous, but the amount coined each year was small. The entire amount of silver dollars coined in the eighty years from 1793 to 1873 was only $8,045,838. Since 1873 we have coined over $425,000,000 of them!

In 1872 there were $1,118,600 coined.

Why did you send only your initials instead of your name? There is no name on our South Bend list with your initials. Please send us no more questions unless you can comply strictly with Rule 1 above—your real name and postoffice address.

Who Can Give It?

"Can you tell me the year that Baker shot Poole and killed him? The trouble grew out of a rough and tumble fight between John Morrissey and Wm. Poole in the city of New York. The fight caused great excitement at the time, and the elder Vanderbilt gave the authorities the use of a fast sailing vessel belonging to him to overhaul Baker, who had shipped for the Canary Islands. If I can get this date it will aid me very materially in settling some important dates."—L. W. C., Decatur, Ia.

We cannot tell. We do not keep a record of murders and similar brutalities. If any reader can give the date we will publish it.

Compulsory Education.

H. C. A., Axton, Va.: There is nothing of value to be obtained by any comparison of results in states of this country which have compulsory education laws, and those which have not. The reason is, that the compulsory laws are not enforced in those states which have them. This is a lamentable fact, but true. The reason seems to be that public opinion is not aroused on the subject, and that the cost of strict enforcement would be very large.

The European countries which have such laws, and where they are fully enforced, show a decided improvement, especially in the thoroughness of the education of the child, so far as it goes. The great lack of American schools is the slipshod character of the education obtained, and the lack of interest in the matter taken by parents. The greatest danger to the American republic is from the ignorance of the voters.

Miscellaneous.

M. E., Hazel Dell, Pa.: Read the rules above. We will furnish no addresses.

E. H. W., St. Charles, Mo.: We can not publish requests for the addresses of surviving members of companies or regiments except as advertising. Such requests, in three lines space—21 words—will be inserted for 50 cents each insertion.

THE FIRST TEACUPS.

They Were Scarce, Even After Tea Was Introduced Into Europe.

Even after tea was introduced into Europe and had come into general use, teacups were scarce, says the Jewelers' Circular. At the same time, coffee was introduced, but apart from Constantinople, the first coffee cups in Europe date back only as far as 1645 in Venice, 1659 in Paris, 1652 in London, and 1694 in Leipsic. From the first, however, the conventional Orient coffee cup, without stem or handle, was little used, and in Germany not at all. The Chinese tea cup was used for tea, coffee and chocolate as well. Specimens of porcelain were undoubtedly introduced into Europe in the Middle Ages, yet not till the sixteenth century were cups imported from China in any great quantities, and even then it was as articles of virtu. Most of these found their way back to China again, as collecting porcelain is a lasting fad there, and high prices are paid for good specimens. The collection of Chinese porcelain, if only the genuine specimens are desired, requires immense study and knowledge, as the Chinese are skillful imitators and put numerous falsifications on the market.

Dealt With a Shark.

She had been to the sea shore, and was deeply interested in all that pertained to it. "Did you ever see a shark?" she asked.

"Well, I should say so," he answered, "I bought a house and lot of one once on the instalment plan."—Chicago Evening Post.

Joke is On Him.

"You know the mean tenant that Chipper is always complaining about?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chipper thinks he has an awful good joke on him. The tenant burned up one side of the coal shed for kindling wood and now the neighbors get in at night and steal his coal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure, rich, healthy blood, the stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous, and there will no Dyspepsia, Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Scrofula and Salt Rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, sleep sound and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many diseases. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain good health. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

MRS. MORIARTY PHAZED

HER BILLINGSGATE NO MATCH FOR O'CONNELL'S EUCLID.

A Droll Scene Which Will Go Down in History as O'Connell's First Great Triumph.

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in took place in the early part of his life, and is given in Irish Wit and Humor. Not long after he was called to the bar his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who were even casually acquainted with him. His talent for vituperative language was perceived

O'CONNELL'S ARGUMENT WITH MRS. MORIARTY.

and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. There was, however, at that time in Dublin a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, every abit with her fist, and still more formidable with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse and even in the provinces Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency. The dictionary of Dublin slang had been considerably enlarged by her, and her voluble impudence had almost become proverbial.

Some of O'Connell's friends, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubts himself, when he had listened once or twice to some mimic specimens of her Billingsgate. It was mooted once whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her and some one of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather too freely ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Mme. Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and he professed his readiness to encounter her and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken—it was decided that the match should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall and there was the owner herself superintending the sale of her small wares—a number of loungers and ragged idlers were thronging round her stall—for Biddy was "a character," and, in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin. O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid in an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:

"What's the price of this walking stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one and sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is."

"One and sixpence for a walking stick? Whew! Why, you are no better than an imposter to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Two pence, your grandmother!" replied Mrs. Biddy. "Do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am?—imposter, indeed!"

"Aye, imposter; and it's that I call you in your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come out your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pugnosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go faster than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old radine, anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely, common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as a gentleman——"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the like of you a jintleman! Whisha! by gov, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato faced pippin-sneezer, where did a Madagascar monkey like you pick enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy, now; easy, now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor; "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky drinking parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung to fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! Oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parrybellygram to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrams, you rascally gallows bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate licking thiggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a hypothenuse in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you dirty robber. I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure your neighbors all know very well that you keep not only a hypothenuse, but that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old hexagon."

"Oh bear that, ye saints in glory. Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the divil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy mouthed tubaguts."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable submultiple of a duplicate ratio."

"Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher; after all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked minded old polygon; to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of a stinking superfices."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I'll——" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her boys! There she stands, a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah! you're found out, you rectineal antecedent, and equi-angular old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter swiping similitude of the bisection of a vortex!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan she was aiming at O'Connell's head when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the individual who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation and having to deal with an ignorant scold determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the sesquipedalia verba which occur in Euclid. With these and a few significant epithets and a scoffing, impudent demeanor he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

"TO HELL LIKE A MAN."

Advice to a Wounded Soldier Terrorized by an Evangelist.

I asked Mrs. Livermore if she had ever seen any one afraid of death, or that which would follow death, at the actual hour of dying.

"Never but once," she replied, "and then it was the fault of an evangelist. It was after the fight at Fort Donelson. Eighty mortally wounded men had been brought into my ward at the St. Louis hospital, among them a soldier with both legs and an arm shot off. This man was lying in that stupor that usually precedes death, when an evangelist entered, and, bending over the bed, said: 'Have you made your peace with God? If not, you will be in hell in less than an hour.'

"Instantly the man's stupor was replaced by the most horrible fright. 'Pray for me,' he groaned. 'I can't stop,' was the reply, as the speaker hurried on to give his gruesome message to other sufferers. 'You must pray for yourself.' Delirious with pain and wholly possessed by this new and terrible idea, the soldier sent out shriek after shriek of agony. 'I cannot die! I have been a wicked man!' was his repated wail. His cries aroused and excited the other men, and the ward became a pandemonium of groans and screams and beseechings. In vain I urged, and the surgeon commanded quiet. I directed the doctor to send the evangelist out of the ward, and I got upon the bed of the man who had first been aroused. Taking him by the shoulders and looking straight into his eyes, I said: 'Stop this screaming at once!' 'But I am going to hell!' he cried. 'Well, if you must go to hell, go like a man!' I replied. 'But why must you go? What is Christ for if a man like you, who has stood up to be riddled and torn and killed for his country, is going to hell? It is a libel upon God.'

"I had dispatched a messenger for a chaplain. When he came I said: 'Don't say a word, but sing,' and gradually peace settled over the ward, while the poor fellow listened to 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' 'There'll Be No More Sorrow There,' 'Rock of Ages,' and many other comforting hymns. I kept my place on the bed, softly repeating prayers and reassuring passage of scripture till my patient whispered 'I do believe Jesus will save me.' He died that night.

"The overzealous evangelist received summary treatment at the hands of Mother Bickerdyke. When he began to question her 'boys' she approached him with the words: 'Look here. You leave this ward quick, or I'll take you by the nape of the neck and pitch you out."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN EMINENT SCIENTIST.

Sir William Dawson, the eminent scientist and scholar, is often spoken of by his friends as the Gladstone of America, and were he older would doubtless be more generally characterized, and with equal propriety, "the grand old man."

To very few is it given to make history of such recognized value and of so endur-

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

ing a character. By every scientific society of England and America he has been appreciated and honored. Each successive year has been devoted to popular lectures, articles for scientific journals, university work, for publication of "Geological History of Plants," "Modern Science in Bible Lands," and a survey of theories culminating in a book entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution."

Those who believe that "some are born great," and that others "have greatness thrust upon them," must concede that Dr. Dawson has "achieved greatness" by use of native talent and force of indomitable will and perseverence. Generously equipped by nature, he has by patient and indefatigable labor earned the honors which he so graciously wears.

—We know the great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are genuine because the people themselves write about them.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

She Was Only a Newsgirl, but Was Too Much for Him.

She was a bright-looking little girl selling newspapers at one of the little stands which dot the corners of the downtown streets, and her clothes, though clean, had a kindred appearance to the rag-tag and happy-go-lucky attire of the street arabs.

A nice-looking young man, dressed in a jaunty summer suit, and wearing gold eyeglasses, came sauntering along in a self-satisfied humor after his little 10-cent lunch, and he stopped and looked down at the little girl in a fatherly, patronizing way.

"Paper?" she called out, expectantly. "Watcher want——"

And she held out the assortment of papers and made ready to select the one upon which he should decide.

"W-e-l-l," he said, hesitatingly, "I don't know—what's in the paper, anyway?"

"News, see!" she replied, and she gazed up at him with an expression of suspicion. "Y'ain't afraid of a cent, are you?"

"Huh—why—of course not," replied the young man, and he commenced to laugh and attempted to pat her upon the head in a congratulatory manner; "you're all right, all right, ain't you?"

"I think so," was the calm and ready reply, "but, say, whatcher kiddin' about? Why don't you buy a paper? If you ain't got the price I'll trust yer, see, if that's what yer waitin' for."

The young man flushed and smiled in a weak manner.

"Oh, I dont know, little one," she said. And leaving his toothpick sticking at a rakish angle out of the corner of his mouth he reached into his hip pocket and drew forth a little leather purse. "I guess I've got some money here—what's your name anyhow?"

He beamed down upon her ingratiatingly, but she gazed up at him dubiously before she cast a weakened glance upon the purse. "My name ain't no different than it was this morning," she said. "Say, but you're slow."

And the young man, with a red, hot face, gave a wild look around and began opening his purse hastily.

"How old are you, anyway?" he asked.

The little one removing her eyes from the money in the purse for a moment, looked up at him quizzically.

"Why," she questioned, "y'lookin' for a wife?"

The young man was in such haste to get away that when he grabbed the paper she proffered him he did not notice that it was two days old, nor that he had given her a 10-cent piece by mistake. And the little girl, after cautiously biting the coin, hastened out to sell one of an extra edition to a fat old gentleman who was signaling wildly from a car.—Chicago News.

STYLISH TOILETTE.

Silver-Gray Mohair, With Velvet Ribbon Decoration.

A style of basque that seems to give universal satisfaction is the double-breasted mode that may be made with or without a seam at the center of the front and generally has a removable chemisette. There is diversity even in this style, stout and slender figures being provided for. In the basque illustrated two under-arm gores at each side render it particularly appropriate for stout figures and it is suitable for a wide

range of fabrics. Above the closing the fronts are reversed in lapels by a rolling collar and in the neck is revealed a removable chemisette; the sleeves display the moderate fulness at the top now in order, and machine-stitching gives a tailor finish.

The tendency to trim the newest skirts grows and varying degrees of simplicity and elegance are apparent. The three-piece bell skirt worn with the stylish basque has a rather narrow front gore and two wide circular sections, the shaping giving a smooth effect over the hips without darts. The novel method of decoration is effective and becoming to tall or short women and the toilette is suitable to wear when traveling or at seaside or mountain resorts.—The Delineator.

KANSANS ARE QUEER PEOPLE.

Funny Scenes Are Witnessed, Even at Funerals.

What promises to be the most remarkable law suit ever tried in Kansas is brewing over at Atchison. Last week William Dutch died and was buried. After the funeral Mrs. Dutch found among her husband's papers a written agreement between himself and Fred Buebner, the undertaker at Netawaka, through which each agreed to pay the funeral expenses of the one who died the first. Mrs. Dutch had already paid for the coffin for her husband, but she sent the bill to Mr. Buebner. He responded that he was ready to pay the wholesale price of the casket, as that is all it would have cost him if he had been notified in time to furnish it according to the agreement. This, it is said, Mrs. Dutch will refuse, and try to enforce the collection of the full amount in court.

This Atchison case reminds one of an agreement which exists between two of Topeka's best-known citizens. Years ago Sam Radges performed some service for John R. Mulvane. When Mulvane sought to pay him he declined to take it, and Mulvane then said:

"All right, Sam; when you die I will see that you get the best funeral the town can afford."

"Do you mean it?" queried Sam.

"I certainly do," responded the rich man.

"Well, we'll just put this in business shape," said eccentric Sam, and he forthwith proceeded to call in witnesses and make the contract binding. By its terms the Modoc Singing Club, Marshal's band and the opera house are to be paid for by Mulvane together with the finest coffin to be had. Radges had already built himself a fine stone tomb in the Topeka cemetery, which is the first sight pointed out to visitors. He has arranged for a large electric light in the center of the tomb, and in his will has set apart a sum to be employed in payment for the Topeka Daily Capital, which is to be thrown into the death chamber every morning. Radges is certainly the oddest character in Kansas. He is not a crank, for he has the most thorough appreciation of the humor of his oddities. He takes delight in reminding Mulvane of this burial contract, and it will be carried out faithfully unless Mulvane plays "Injun."—Kansas City Journal.

GIVES STRENGTH TO MEN

FREE TO ALL WHO ARE WEAK AND WORN.

A Method to Cure and Increase the Power.

It is a remarkable fact that a man never appreciates the sufferings of others until he himself has passed through the fire of pain or remorse. Then it is that he looks around for those who are suffering, he wants them to profit by his experience; he gives his time

and money gladly for the benefit of others, and never tires of his work. There are plenty of men weak and worn out, struggling with remorse and fear, the natural outcome of habits that brought incapacity; a sense of lonesomeness and a feeling as if the best side of life had been banished forever. Such men should write to Thomas Slater, Box 2346, Kalamazoo, Mich. He will send free by mail, in a plain, sealed envelope, full particulars about the method he used in his own case, whereby any man to get a complete cure at home. It is the method that Mr. Slater used to cure himself of the troubles that sap the strength and vigor and also enlarged his organs to natural size. The cure was so complete, so satisfying, and such a wonderful change from his former condition that he will gladly tell others all about it, sending all particulars. He figures that he doesn't know of a better way to show his appreciation of his own cure and the sufferings of others. There must be generous men in this world to offset the vice of avarice. Write to Mr. Slater—it will cost nothing for his description and method.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Keep Ants Out.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Tell Subscriber, Kansas, that pulverized borax will keep ants out of anything. I do not know what effect, if any, it will have on the bees. Sprinkle borax where ants are bothersome, and they will leave at once and stay away as long as any part of the borax remains.—H. B. Prose, Kansas.

To Kill Plantain.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—To kill plantain it is only necessary to keep it mowed down, so as to prevent its going to seed for three years in succession.—E. G. Roby, Iowa.

Fruit Tree Pest.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I see in this week's issue of The Blade an account of a fruit tree pest, which you term San Jose scale. The disease made its appearance this spring on some young trees belonging to my son. I told him to whitewash with fresh slacked lime, which he did, rubbing it in thoroughly on all the limbs. His trees are now entirely clear of the pest, and look healthy and in good shape.—W. T. Lightfoot, Indiana.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arsenic of Soda for Spraying.

This compound is used instead of paris green in some parts of the state for spraying. Canker worm has been completely destroyed by it when paris green was only partially effective. To prepare this, dissolve the arsenic by boiling with carbonate of soda. This insures a complete solution, which can be kept ready to make a spraying compound when wanted. To make material for 800 gallons of spraying mixture, heat 2 lbs. of white arsenic with 8 lbs. of sal soda (crystals of carbonate of soda—washing soda—found in every grocery and drug shop) and 2 gallons of water. Boil these materials in any iron pot not used for other purposes for 15 minutes, or until the arsenic dissolves, leaving only a muddy sediment. Put the solution into a 2 gallon jug and label "Poison—stock material for spraying."

The spraying mixture can be prepared any time and in the quantity needed by slaking 2 lbs. of lime, adding 40 gallons of water and pouring into this one pint of the stock arsenic solution. Mix by stirring thoroughly and the spraying mixture is ready for use. The arsenic in 40 gallons is equal to 4 ozs. of paris green. The cost for 800 gallons of spraying mixture is 2 lbs. white arsenic 25c., 8 lbs. sal soda 25c. 40 lbs. lime 20c, total 70c. Cost per bbl. 2¼c.

The advantages of this method are that it is very cheap and the materials can be found in any village. The stock material (arsenite of soda) is easily prepared and can be kept in that form for any length of time, ready for making a spraying solution with lime water. The arsenite of lime in the quantity required for spraying will not burn the leaves or injure the trees. It will be uniform in quality and not vary in strength, as paris green often does. It makes a milky-colored spray and the color on the leaves will show.—Weekly American Agriculturist.

For Self-Sucking Cows.

The North Carolina Experiment Station proposes two remedies for self-sucking cows. The first is: Boil a handful of quassia chips (can be got in drug store) for several hours in one gallon of water. Wash the cow's teats with this after every milking for ten days. Always wash every time before milking, using a gallon of clean water in which a spoonful of pearline has been dissolved. If the milk tastes of quassia feed it to the pigs. The bitterness of the quassia remains in the cow's memory and prevents further trials at sucking after ten days. The other method (which does not seem to us the most humane operation in the world) consists in slitting the tongue near the point used to draw up around the teat in the act of sucking. Fasten the cow securely, and drawing out the tongue slit it a little to one side of the middle one and one-half to two inches out toward the front and near the point. Then feed on some soft bran mashes for a few days until the wound heals, and it will be impossible for the cow to suck after that.

No More Gaps.

Last August a neighbor kindly loaned me a copy of your paper and I found therein some very excellent notes on poultry raising. About this time I made a discovery that I think will prove of benefit to your many readers. I had thirteen fine Plymouth roosters affected with gaps, and commenced with the above treatment. I had relieved three, but I lacerated the throat of the finest fowl and I was doubtful of his recovery. I had been taking some iron rust out of a white waist with turpentine, and a bit of this was accidentally spilled into the saucer, containing the rice for the chickens. I gave the saucer a shove towards the sick chicken I had brought to the kitchen, which caused a spill of the contents over and about him. He ate considerable and in ten minutes he seemed quite well. I then gave a saucer of rice in—which I had put a tablespoonful of turpentine, to the other twelve chickens, and they all soon recovered. My neighbors who used the turpentine at my suggestion met with the same success that I did, and I hope many will avail themselves of this simple and effective remedy this coming season.

I have also cured hens of the pip, very severe cases, by saturating a piece of fat meat (not salt) with turpentine and forcing it down their throats at evening, and feeding fine meal or boiled rice next morning, and repeating the fat and turpentine at night.—Correspondent Metropolitan and Rural House.

Thumb Nail Pruning.

"Thumb nail pruning" is not new, but is a method that should be followed much more assiduously than it is. We remember hearing Col. W. W. Ross, the veteran fruit grower of Dallas, say that when he had cut back young trees at planting to two and a half feet, that he soiled his pruning knife and put it away and had no further use for it. On being asked how he could train a tree without using a knife, he replied that his thumb nail and forefinger was all the knife he needed. He pinched off buds or shoots that started where he did not desire them to grow. It is extremely easy to pinch or push off buds while young and the removal is much less expensive of the vital energies than any other form of pruning. To allow limbs to grow at will through the growing season and prune out a quantity of wood the following winter is not by any means the best way to prune, though even where we pinch during the growing season we find it necessary to remove injured branches or those that interfere. Such practice, however, should be reduced to a minimum.—Dr. Hoskins, the noted agriculturist of Vermont, says: "Neglect of pruning single year is never less than a serious injury to any fruit tree. Without proper vigilance dozens of shoots will spring out and grow, to the injury of the tree not only for that season, but for a considerable time after. 'Thumb nail pruning' is always the best, because it leaves no wound that will not cover itself the same season. Every observer can see that this is true, but many orchards show a neglect to apply the truth. I do not like to quote instances from my own experience. I have made, perhaps, as many mistakes as any one, but I have tried to draw profit from them. At the age of 68 I am caring for young orchards planted within the past six years, and beginning to come into bearing, being, perhaps, as high as an average, and having yielded the past season good crops on a considerable proportion of the trees."

The great difficulty with the majority of fruit growers, both amateur and professionals, is that they don't practice what they know to be best. On this account there is a good deal of work for saw and knife which with timely thumb nail" pruning could be dispensed with.—Farm and Ranch.

Diseases of Irish Potatoes.

Bulletin 29 of the Georgia station is a very complete discussion of the Irish potato and is well worth sending for. It speaks of the common diseases, and their treatment as follows:

Potato Scab—Both "surface" and "deep" scab (which are merely phases of the same malady) is due to a parasitic fungus conveyed by the seed tubers, and may be destroyed by immersing them before planting, in a solution of corrosive sublimate—one ounce to 30 gallons of water—for four hours. Corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison, taken internally, and must be carefully used.

Early blight is produced by the Macrosporium fungus, and generally in connection with drouthy weather, prematurely destroys the tops, cutting short the full development of the tubers. It may be controlled by spraying with Bordeaux mixture.

The flea beetle sometimes assists the early blight and drouth in prematurely destroying the potato tops. It is controlled by a compound of Bordeaux mixture and soap—six pounds of soap to 50 gallons Bordeaux.

Preservation—Decays and rots of all kinds can best be prevented by sowing scab from the field, digging only after full maturity, handling carefully, exposing the sun, and storing in a cool, dry room of uniform temperature—preferably in a dark cellar, which later on will also prevent sprouting. For this purpose, too, it is well to harrow the tubers, if possible, should never be stored in bins or heavy billing, as with sweet potatoes, which is the best satisfactory method of winter preservation. The foregoing suggestions apply chiefly to the second or fall crop, as the spring crop cannot be indefinitely kept in this latitude with any certainty. The second crop may also be kept well by merely throwing a heavy list with the plow on the rows in the field and digging only as needed."

AN ALPACA GOWN.

A Dream in Cream Color, Lined and Trimmed With Apple-Green Taffeta of Delightful Hue.

The mystery of womanhood is full of deep unanswerable enigmas. Why should women be compelled to suffer simply because they

Talmage's Sermon.

TALK TO THE CLERKS.

Dr. Talmage's Advice is, "Be Honest and Diligent."

Washington, July 19.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage, addressed to the great host of clerks in stores, and offices, and factories, will inspire such persons with healthful ambition, and allay many of their annoyances. Text, Acts xvi. 14, And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord had opened. Prov. xxii. 29, Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloths or silks. She is not a gigging nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Philippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy; toiling on up until he gains a princely success. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of the tides. Fortune, the magician, may wave her wand in that direction until castles and palaces come; but she will, after a while, invert the same wand, and all the splendor will vanish into thin air.

There are certain styles in behavior which lead to usefulness, honor, and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops, and banking houses of the country. They are not an exceptional class. They belong to a great company of tens of thousands who are in this country, amid circumstances which will either make or break them for time and for eternity. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are about to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say: "What makes you look so happy to-night?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom on the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am now addressing people who will yet have a hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty on "Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropies, after all, the merchants must come forward with their millions to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an affluent father some day come down a prominent street with his son who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting $50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put $50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say, "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about pilotage. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks.

You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another occupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainments to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year is because their early mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles and they will tell you they thank God for the severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything else can do as well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $5,000 worth of goods in a year, will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $5,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them. Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young man will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumbs into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me. I am my own master; I will not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be two seconds before, instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge, or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen, and listens for the command to "March."

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailties of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again, I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed, there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of your store and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience; it is a sin against God, and beg you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much when they cost less, or impose upon the verdancy of a customer, or misrepresent a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

Again, I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until every roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves, and stretch them out of shape, and then put on all styles of cloaks and walk to the mirror to see how they look, and they sail out of the store, saying: "I will not take it to-day," which means, I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloths, to smooth out a thousand dollars' worth of goods—not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now, I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry pellmell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk and stealing the time of the employer, I say, "Stop thief!"

If I were asked which class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances I would say: "Dry goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance: A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods runs up. A customer comes into a store. Goods have gone up. "How much is that worth?" "A dollar." "A dollar. Outrageous. A dollar." Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the bank of the Merimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indigation go out toward the employer, who is out at his country seat? No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents! Of course, the clerk!

Then a great trial come to clerks in the fact that they see a parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said: "I will tell you what is in your hearts; to buy cheap and sell dear!" Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies—proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember, that if the prices are high and your purse is lean, that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid these perplexities of commercial life, and such a one comes home all worn out, be patient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seventimes-heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a streak of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder showers of scolding. Men, imperious, capricious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you." Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, when if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful; but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out and all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple rise in the value of goods. The clerks got the advantage of that rise? Sometimes, not always. I saw estates gathered in those times over which the curse of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women from those stores reached the Lord of Sabaoth, and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, flashing in the chandeliers, glowing from the crimson upholstery, rumbling in the long roll of the ten pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after awhile a disaster will come along, and it will put one hand on this pillar and another hand on that pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshipers as grapes are mashed in the wine press.

Then there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys have given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts a temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in these cities, building marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions, and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle, and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any names. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who to-day are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man; you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and your everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy."

Go back forty or fifty years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks, and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many more good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the gospel, and that he is before the throne of God to-day—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men and young women who want a word of encouragement—Christian encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them to-morrow morning in their places of business than a present of $15,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said: "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God and he will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven twenty years. There are old men here to-day who can look back to forty years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties, from the granite hills of the North, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding houses where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, and they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

My word to all clerks: Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he was in battle that all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of the fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to thresh the mountains.

The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which, touching the surface of the sea, hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you that the storms of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. O young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In the hospital at Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys! Forward! Charge!" Ah! he was only battling the specters of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, to-day. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God up and at them.

After the last store has been closed, after the last bank has gone down, after the shuffle of the quick feet on the custom house steps has stopped, after the long line of merchant men on the sea have taken sail of flame, after Washington, and New York, and London, and Vienna have gone down into the grave where Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre lie buried, after the great fire bells of the judgment day have tolled at the burning of a world—on that day, all the affairs of banking houses and stores will come up for inspection. Oh, what an opening of account books! Side by side, the clerks and the men who employed them. Every invoice made out—all the labels of goods—all certificates of stock—all lists of prices—all private marks of the firm, now explained so everybody can understand them. All the nooks of cities that were never built but in which lots were sold. All bargains. All gougings. All snap judgments. All false entries. All adulteration of liquors with coppers and strychnine. All mixing of teas, and sugars, and coffees, and syrups, with cheaper material. All embezzlements of trust funds. All swindles in coal, and iron, and oil, and silver, and stocks. On that day when the cities of this world are smoking in ruin and conflagration, the trial will go on; and down in an avalanche of destruction will go those who wronged man or woman, insulted God, and defied the judgment. Oh, that will be a great day for you, honest Christian clerk. No getting up early; no retiring late; no walking around with weary limbs; but a mansion in which to live, and a realm of light, and love, and joy over which to hold everlasting dominion. Hoist him up from glory to glory, and from song to song, and from throne to throne; for while others go down into the sea with their gold like a millstone hanging about the neck, this one shall come up the heights of amethyst and alabaster, holding in his right hand the pearl of great price in a sparkling, glittering, flaming casket.

A YOUNG NOTARY PUBLIC.

This young lady is the first notary public appointed by Gov. Stephens under the new law permitting persons under 21 years of age to serve as notaries, says the St. Louis Star.

MISS ZOLA OMOHUNDRO.

Miss Zoula was educated in Pike College, Bowling Green, Mo. She entered Hannibal Commercial College May 24 and graduated in penmanship, shorthand and typewriting in November of the same year.

New Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Etc.—Free to Our Readers.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, testifies in the New York Christian Witness that Alkavis completely cured him of Kidney and bladder disease of many years' standing. Many ladies also testify to its curative powers in disorders peculiar to womanhood. So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 418 Fourth avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of the WEEKLY BLADE who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

WIDOWS LIKE PROMPTNESS.

This Tale Had an Ancient Ring, but is Still Lovely.

There was a young fellow in our town who was in love with a girl. He could have secured her had he stepped up like a man and asked her, says Hardware. But he was bashful, and put it off. The other chap—who was energetic—came in ahead, popped the question and married her. After a couple of years of bliss, he died, and went to that place which begins with an "H."

Our young man was determined not to get left this time. When the widow drove home from the cemetery on the day of the funeral, he was on the porch. As she came up he said: "Henrietta, I waited too long the last time, and lest you. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, George," said she, "I'm so sorry. You're too late again. The undertaker asked me at the grave!"

Quite Logical.

"Woman," said the lecturer, "is pure gold."

"Yes," interrupted a thoughtful man in a rear seat; "money talks."—Puck.

Why Wrinkles Come.

"A man doesn't mind wrinkles so much," remarked the observer of men and things, "because he doesn't care particularly whether his skin fits him or not."—Detroit Journal.

HE WILL GUARD OUR INTERESTS IN HAWAII.

Rear Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, who will safeguard the interests of the United States in Hawaii during the excitement attendant upon the annexation crisis, is one of the most interesting characters in the United States navy. He is now 61 years old, and is a thorough sailor. He has been in the navy ever since 1850, when he was appointed acting midshipman. In 1855 he was attached to the sloop Plymouth for service in the East Indies, and in that year he participated in some of the actions and in at least one battle with the Chinese army at Shanghai. In 1856 he was made passed midshipman and detailed for service on the Merrimac. In 1863 he was attached to the Nantucket, and he participated in the attack on the ironclad fleet in Charleston Harbor on April 7, 1863. Now he occupies one of the foremost places in the navy. Admiral Beardslee is a most efficient officer, and is brave, gentle and popular. He has been a rear admiral since June 27, 1895.

THE SNAKES OF BOYHOOD

Some Extinct Reptilcans That Had Marvelous Attributes.

The blue racer was an ophidian calculated to cause the heir of the small boy to stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine, says the Chicago Tribune. Nothing could exceed the fiendish malignity of this snake, whose powers of locomotion were incredibly swift, and whose appetite for boy was forever on edge. And it was only by relieving himself of all impedamenta, such as the bucket containing his small store of berries or his fishing tackle and can of bait, that a boy was able to avoid capture. It was the current belief that when the blue racer came up with his prey he swiftly enfolded the unlucky wight in his deadly coils, crushed the life out of him, and then devoured him at his leisure. So far as history goes and the mortuary records show, no boy was ever cut off in the bloom of his youth by a blue racer, but disasters of this kind were only avoided by the remarkable fleetness of foot displayed on such occasions.

His terror gave him supernatural strength and added wings to his feet, and the blue racer, according to a cloud of youthful witnesses who have testified thereto, was a snake ranging from eleven to sixteen feet long, the average length being about fifteen feet. Its aspect was threatening in the extreme, and its eyes gleamed with a baleful and hungry light. As it reared its ugly head four or five feet above the surface in search of the trembling youngsters his underside was seen to be of a bright blue color, and from this fact and his swift movements he received his apt and distinguishing name. Blue racers are as scarce as hen's teeth now.

But the most deadly, the most gruesome and the most appalling snake known to boyhood was the fearful "hoop snake," now happily extinct. This scourge of the forest was the bete noire of the urchin, who was continually in mortal terror of encountering it as he wandered through the pleasant woods or angled in the waters of his favorite stream. The hoop snake roamed the darksome shades of the forest like an avenging Nemesis, and, like the blue racer, was always on the lookout for boys. The hoop snake differed uniquely from all other ophidia. When in motion it was the habit of this snake to insert the end of its tail in its mouth, and, bending its body into a perfect circle, it would roll silently and with incredible swiftness through the woods. The tail terminated in a horn spike, harder than steel, in which was concealed a sting of the most venomous description; and woe betide the object that came within striking distance of this fearful weapon. The virus in the tail was far more toxic than the venom of the rattlesnake or the tooth of the copperhead, and was synonymous with instant death.

Fortunately, no boy was ever stung by one of these snakes. His caution, his prudence and proverbial good luck always enabled him to circumvent the machinations of the enemy, but it required ceaseless vigilance on his part. Indeed, but few boys ever saw one of these reptiles, although he was well aware of their existence. But at rare intervals some youth favored with exceptional eyesight and a vivid imagination would get a glimpse of a hoop snake rolling its way along a distant path.

Another curious snake that used to interest youthful students of herpetology was the "glass snake." As far as its habits were known, the glass snake seemed to exist for the sole purpose of affording fun for the boys, who, when they encountered one of them, hit it across the back with a stick, whereupon his snakeship broke into a thousand pieces, more or less, according to the mathematical proficiency of the boy, and his brittle anatomy flew in all directions. Yet this singular proceeding, while it interested the youthful experimenters greatly, never discommoded the snake, or only temporarily, for as soon as left to itself the parts all united and the snake was whole as before. This invariably happened, but although boys have watched for hours to see the mysterious process the reptile never "got together" until they had departed. Glass snakes are not nearly so common now, nor are they so brittle as they used to be.

One fact in serpent history, however, remains the same in spite of the dicta of scientists, as any boy of to-day can tell. The tail of a snake will wiggle after it is killed until the sun goes down. There isn't a boy in the whole country but knows this to be a rock-ribbed fact in natural history. Learned men tell us that this notion, as they please to call it, is a relic of a far-distant time when our ancestors worshiped the sun, which, at one time, was depicted with serpent attributes.

Just a Hint.

She knew that he wanted to propose, but couldn't gather sufficient courage, and naturally she was not averse to helping him a little.

"A penny for your thoughts," he had remarked in a merry mood.

"It's that still," she asked, blushing prettily, and at the same time showing evidence of disappointment.

"I don't quite follow——" he began, but she interrupted him.

"If you knew what they were," she said, "you would bid a good deal higher than that."—Chicago Post.

He Forgot to Pray.

He was a very small boy and lived near enough to the country to be able to revel in the delights of a "really, truly" barn. It was his first thought in the morning and his last at night, but the family did not know the latter until one day a sad thing happened—the really, truly barn, with all its contents, was burned to the ground. The small boy sobbed as if his heart would break and refused to be comforted. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "I think it was all my fault. I was so sleepy last night I forgot to ask God not to let the house and barn burn down, and I never forgot it before."—New York Times.

A GREAT CYCLIST.

Lee Richardson went to Europe several months ago to fill important engagements. Almost as soon as he arrived on the other side he was taken ill and was unable to do any work at all. His illness

LEE RICHARDSON.

continued so long that he finally made up his mind to come back, and see if the bracing air of his native country would not revive him.

To his great gratification his health has returned.

As a trick and fancy bicycle rider Mr. Richardson has few equals and no superiors. He has appeared in the leading vaudeville theatres throughout America. If the hopes of his many friends are fulfilled, young Richardson will retain his new grip on life and health, so that he will be enabled to cross the pond once more and show our British cousins what a real trick bicyclist is.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE DONE.

Jones (who has just borrowed a "V")—"Thanks, awfully, old boy. If you hadn't accommodated me, I don't know what I would have done."

Brown—"I do."

Jones—"What?"

Brown—"Somebody else."

—Copyrighted.

BRILLIANTS.

Pillared arch and sculptured tower
Of Ilium have had their hour:
The dust of many a king is blown
On the winds from zone to zone;
Many a warrior sleeps unknown,
Time and Death hold each in thrall,
Yet is Love the lord of all;
Still does Helen's beauty stir,
Because a poet sang of her!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!
O harp of life, so speedily unstrung!
Who, if twere his to choose, would know again
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,
Its rapture, and its pain?
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The highest hills
Are wrinkles in Time's transitory dust;
The tiniest rills
Are scar at birth that mold the earth's huge crust.
There is nor great nor small—our fumbling eyes
Confuse the Essence with mere shape and size.
—Richard Burton.

This world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death.
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care,
Strife that never falls amiss
With all those ills that hunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.
—Wm. Drummond (1585-1649.)

Swiftly I shrivel at the thought of God,
At Nature and its wonders, Time and Space and Death,
But that I, turning, call to thee, O soul, thou actual me,
And lo! thou gently masterest the orbs,
Thou matest Time, smilest content at Death,
And fillest, swellest full the vastness of space,
Greater than stars or suns,
Bounding, O soul! thou journeyest forth.
—Walt Whitman.

To the New Woman.

Amid all your business, your fads, your clubs and your various concerns, never forget to be chivalrous to men.

Remember your father was a man.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Sunday School.

LESSON 5, AUGUST 1, 1897.
Paul's Ministry in Corinth.

Golden Text: Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. iii:11.

(Acts xviii:1-11. Memory verses, 8-11.)

Read Acts xviii:12-22 and 1 Corinthians, chapters 1-3.

1. After these things Paul departed from Athens, and came to Corinth;

2. And found a certain Jew named Aquila, born in Pontus, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, (because that Claudius had commanded all Jews to depart from Rome,) and came unto them.

3. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: (for by their occupation they were tentmakers.)

4. And he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.

5. And when Silas and Timotheus were come from Macedonia, Paul was pressed in the spirit, and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ.

6. And when they opposed themselves and blasphemed, he shook his raiment, and said unto them, Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean; from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles.

7. And he departed thence, and entered into a certain man's house named Justus, one that worshipped God, whose house joined hard to the synagogue.

8. And Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, believed on the Lord with all his house; and many of the Corinthians hearing believed, and were baptized.

9. Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace:

10. For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.

11. And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them.

Illustrative Applications.

After these things he departed from Athens, and came to Corinth (v. 1). Let us refuse to be discouraged, but keep steady to our intent of serving Christ. If a door shuts here, another will open there. If success at Athens seems slight, there will be a Corinth somewhere in which will wave more abundant harvests. "My purpose is my might" was an old heraldic motto. It is a good motto yet.

And he found a certain Jew named Aquila, a man of Pontus by race, lately come from Italy, with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had commanded all the Jews to depart from Rome; and he came unto them (v. 2). There is, I think, beautiful illustration here of an overruling divine Providence. I am sure we may consider such instances specimens of God's way of working, and may believe God is thus working now for those set on his service. Coming, a stranger to this Corinth, and on such mission, Paul would, first of all, need congenial lodging place. Much dependent on such things was the sensitive apostle. Well, even the Emperor Claudius is concerned in opening such place for Paul. He does not know he is thus concerned; he does not mean to be, but still he is. God overrules his decree about the Jews in Rome, and those who become among the apostle's best and most helpful friends have a door ajar for him at Corinth. I think this very beautiful. To me it seems a kind of lens through which can be descried God's ways. We are of more value than the lilies. God will take care of us. He holds even emperors in his grasp. Let us trust his providence.

And because he was of the same trade, he abode with them, and they wrought; for by their trade they were tentmakers (v. 3). How Christianity dignifies honest labor! Its Lord was a carpenter, its chief apostle was a tent-maker. And how false it is to think that labor, of any kind, of any sort, is hostile to spiritual endeavor! Rather, we may make our labor pathway into the noblest spiritual achievement. It seems to me more probable that Aquila and Priscilla were not, as yet, Christians. But their common trade was a tie between them and the apostle, and at once the apostle turned this tie into opportunity of attempt for his Lord. While they wrought at tent-making together he won them to Christ. What suggestion of ways of working for our Lord here! Our daily duty necessarily brings us into special relation with some of our fellows. That duty we may easily make avenue for Christ. Oh, that we may be swift to see and glad to seize the chances for Christian activity even the humblest daily duty opens! Then besides, I am sure, in all Corinth, no better tents were turned out than from the workshop of Aquila and Priscilla and Paul, because they did their tent-making as toward Christ. There was a toiling colored man who gained his living by cobbling shoes. One said to him, "My friend, after this cobbling on earth is done, how about the other world?" "Ah, master!" he answered, "I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler; but I feel, when I sit here, that the good Master is looking at me and when I take a stitch, it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-top, it is not paper, but good leather." Such spirit is making work worship. That is possible for us all.

And he reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, and persuaded Jews and Greeks (v. 4.) What an example the Apostle is of making the best of things under the circumstances! If just now, he must make tents on weekdays, he will seize the synagogue for Christ on the sabbath. Too often we wait for favorable circumstances, as we call them, and, whiting, only wait. The Apostle immediately grasped what circumstances he had, and molded them to his high ideal. It is a splendid thing, instead of being the thrall of circumstance, to ourselves thrall circumstance.

But when Silas and Timothy came down from Macedonia Paul was constrained by the word, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Christ (v. 5.) Evidently the coming of these friends put fresh heart and energy into the Apostle. Their friendship helped him in his grand resolve of preaching Christ. It is a great thing to have such helping friends. It is a gracious thing to be a friend of such sort. It is impossible to overestimate this chemistry of influence, the strong power of persons over persons. A true, pure, wide-minded friend is, to the other, truth, purity, edification. Be you like Silas and Timothy, friends who help instead of hinder. It is a sad thing if your friendship blight instead of bless.

For I am with thee (v. 10.) Do not think you are bereaved if you do not have such vision of the great fact as Paul had on that night in Corinth. You do have the promise, and the promise is just as good as vision. Seize the promise. Paul seized his vision, and go forth to your duty, strong, glad, achieving, as the Apostle went on to his duty there in Corinth.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in S. S. Times.

Seemed to Be On Fire.

"I suffered very much with a blood disorder. At times my skin seemed to be on fire. I saw Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised, and determined to try it. I found that it purified my blood and relieved that tired feeling. I have given it to my little girl for pain in the side and it relieved her."—Dell C. Umbaugh, Nankin, Ohio.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial. All druggists. Price 25c.

Greatness.

"I don't believe he is a truly great artist, however."

"What! With such a soul? And such execution?"

"Oh, yes; but the programme doesn't say that he always uses any particular make of piano."

Art is, at best, hard to diagnose, but there are still symptoms that are tolerably inevitable.—Detroit Journal.

The City's Mountain Range.

Striking as the tall buildings of the city are when viewed from the west approaching by a Jersey ferry, they are more impressive still viewed from the south. From the west, numerous as they now are, they still seem separated; like detached peaks. Viewed from the south, where one can get them in line, they are more like a lofty mountain range.—New York Sun.

Proof Positive.

"Are you sure this wheelman was riding faster than the law allows?" asked the judge.

"Absolutely certain," replied the policeman. "But it wasn't possible to be mistaken on such a point."

"Not in this case. He was going so fast that he kept ahead of the brewery wagon whose driver was trying to run him down."—Washington Star.

CERAMIC WAR RELICS.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S DEATH AS SHOWN ON A PITCHER.

A Curious Specimen of the Patriotic Designs Brought Out in the Early Years of the War.

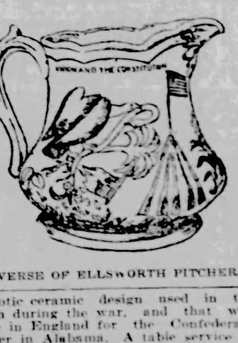
At the breaking out of the civil war in 1861 the pottery industry in this country was practically in its incipiency. Little work of an original character was being done, and that was confined almost entirely to the Trenton factories. The few designs of a patriotic nature which were then produced are now rarely met with; still examples occasionally come to light.

THE ELLSWORTH PITCHER—1861.

Some of these relics bear no ornamentation save a relief device of the American eagle; but a few of them were more elaborately decorated. Among the latter was a large water pitcher of white ware made by a Trenton firm which has long been out of existence. This, at the time, pretentious design was made to commemorate the shooting of Col. E. E. Ellsworth at Alexandria, Va., in 1861, by the proprietor of a hotel, while he was tearing down a Confederate flag on the building. This, being one of the earliest incidents of the war, stirred the public pulse to fever heat, and furnished a hero in the cause of both the North and the South.

During the excitement occasioned by the tragedy this pitcher was produced. The design on one side is a relief representation of the shooting, showing the fallen Ellsworth and his companions and J. W. Jackson the traitor. The principal actors in the drama are indicated by names which are painted on the ware. The reverse side bears a design of the American eagle in the act of destroying the secession serpent, while the Confederate emblem is overthrown and the American flag floats from a stack of Union guns. Over all is painted the inscription, "Union and the Constitution." It is not known how many of these pitchers were produced but it is probable that a large number were made. Attention was called to one of them in the columns of The Sun about a year ago, an example in plain white, which had been found in Philadelphia. The reference has brought to light a second specimen, finished in colors, which is here shown, for which I am indebted to Col. William S. Sharp, editor of "Smith's History of New Jersey," and compiler of an exhaustive work on the early history of that state now in course of preparation. Doubtless there are many other examples of this historical piece among the relics of war-time taverns and in private hands, and it would be interesting to locate some of them. Perhaps the same device was used on different forms and sizes of ware.

So far as I know there was but one



REVERSE OF ELLSWORTH PITCHER.

patriotic ceramic design used in the South during the war, and that was made in England for the Confederate cruiser in Alabama. A table service of china was ordered for the vessel from Edward F. Bodley & Co., of Burslem, who were engaged in 1862 in the extensive manufacture of "iron-stone china" for steamship and hotel use, having succeeded James Verhon, who started the works in 1857. Originally the manufactory had been used as the parish workhouse of Burslem, and had been intended to accommodate about three hundred inmates, but subsequently it was converted into barracks. Then it was changed into a china factory, and it is probably used as one to this day. When the Alabama was finished by an English firm in Liverpool, she was doubtless, fitted out by English furnishers, and Bodley & Co., were commissioned to prepare the china. The decorative design selected was a central wreath composed of flowers and leaves of the cotton and tobacco plants, inside of which was a circle formed of a cable, inclosing a device of two crossed cannon and an anchor above the initials "C. S. N." Beneath the whole was the motto of the ship, "Aide toi et Dieu t'Aidera" (help yourself and God will help you.) It is said that there were three separate sets of the china, printed respectively in gray, green, and blue—one for the officers, another for the men, and a third for extraordinary occasions. There are, perhaps, but few pieces of this service now in existence; but a plate and cup and saucer are known to be in the possession of a

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1897.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 142.000

THE STRIKE AND THE TARIFF.

The Blade has received the following inquiry from a gentleman of this city:

Editor Blade:—As a matter of information, I would like you to explain how the duty on coal, as proposed by the new tariff bill, protects the coal miner. Does it protect him? Will it increase his wages? I can't see that it will, but I am anxious to learn how it is going to do it; and you can probably tell me.

Well, suppose we show you what effect the reduction of the duty on bituminous coal had had. As a matter of fact, the entire reduction in miners' wages, which has caused the present strike, has occurred since the beginning of the work upon the Wilson tariff law, and the decline in wages is practically identical with the reduction in the protective duties on coal. Under the McKinley law bituminous coal was protected by an import duty of 75 cents per ton. The Wilson law reduced that tax to 35 cents a ton, and Chairman Wilson, the supposed author of the bill, fought hard to have it put on the free list.

Under the reduced duty, it has been possible to import considerable quantities of Nova Scotia coal, which has entered into direct competition in the East with the product of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. This competition forced the price of coal down, and then followed rate wars between railroads, reduction in miners' wages, strikes and all sorts of trouble incident to a disturbance of a gigantic industry.

The amount of colonial coal actually imported amounts to only about 4,000,000 tons a year; but, small as that is in comparison with the total amount produced and consumed in the United States, it is enough to cause the trouble, as is always the case when there is a surplus, however trifling, which must be disposed of. The same thing is shown in regard to wheat, or corn, or any other great crop, wherein production generally runs ahead of consumption, and the introduction of a new source of supply, however insignificant it may be, invariably upsets the entire market.

Facts are worth more than theories. The cold, hard facts show that the reduction in the duty on bituminous coal has worked hardship to the miners, and is the original cause of the present strike. It is not difficult to believe, then, that a restoration of the duty will benefit the miners by reversing the conditions which have brought about their present lamentable plight.

OHIO'S SENATORIAL CONTEST.

The approaching senatorial contest in Ohio recalls the very peculiar fact that, although the state has been Republican in every national contest, giving 17,000 plurality for Fremont over Buchanan in 1856, and selecting Republican electors every presidential year, with the exception of one elector in 1892, in more than a quarter of a century, the present is the first time it has had two Republicans in the upper house of Congress.

In the two years, from 1879 to 1881, both senators were Democrats, Thurman and Pendleton; and yet, while the state was being represented by these two Democrats, it gave the Republican presidential ticket a plurality of 34,000 votes.

No other state ever presented so peculiar a political situation. No Democratic state ever retained a Republican senator for so long a time, and no other Republican state ever performed so peculiar a political feat. Call it bad management, fate or what you will, the facts remain.

This long Democratic succession has at last been broken. Ohio is now represented by two Republicans, and no state is more ably represented. Emboldened by success in the past, Ohio Democracy is preparing this year for a tremendous effort to regain the ground it has lost, and to elect a Democratic legislature, which will return a Democratic senator.

Ohio is a Republican state. Whenever the proper effort has been made, the party has been successful at the polls. At times it has failed by following after false gods or because of a lack of proper management. Its failures have been due to its own temporary weaknesses, for within itself it has always had the elements and numbers to win.

This year there is a quiet determination on the part of Ohio Republicans to make certain that this Republican state will continue to be represented in the senate by Republicans. They realize the fight they must make, and are ready for it. Not only is it necessary that Senator Hanna shall be returned, on account of the state's representation in the senate, but because on his election may depend the political complexion of that body, and the success of the administration in carrying out its plans of public policy. This makes the fight in this state national in its scope, and the responsibility rests with the Republicans of Ohio.

Do you remember that, in the campaign of 1891, the Ohio Democrats declared that tin plate could not be made in the United States? And that in 1892 they declared none was being made—that the tin-plate factories were merely Republican campaign bluffs? Well, just note the fact that last year the American tin plate mills produced 307,000,000 pounds, or about half the amount we consume. The industry grows steadily, and it will not be long before we will make all the tin plate we can use. And tin is cheaper than in 1891.

The monetary commission, headed by Senator Wolcott, has at least demonstrated to European governments that this administration is deeply in earnest in its efforts to secure international bimetallism.

The foreign relations committee of the Senate has reported favorably on the Hawaiian annexation treaty. We may expect the fireworks to begin when the report is taken up in the Senate.

OHIO DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The third plank in the Ohio Democratic platform reads as follows:

We are unalterably opposed to monometallism, which has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy, and its adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. It is not only un-American, but anti-American, and can be fastened on the United States only by the stifling of that spirit and love of liberty which proclaimed our political independence in 1776, and won it in the war of the revolution.

This opens with a declaration against monometallism; yet free silver at 16 to 1 means silver monometallism. It could result in nothing else. This is not a mere theory; it is proved by these facts:

1.—No country which kept its mints open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver after 1873, but went to the silver standard—to silver monometallism. There is not one exception to this. All values were measured in silver, and gold went out of circulation, becoming a mere article of merchandise, as it was in the United States during the greenback era, from 1862 to 1879.

2.—No country which kept its mints open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver after 1873 but has a much less volume of money in circulation than has the United States and other gold standard countries. Their per capita is much larger than that of any silver country.

3.—No country which kept its mints open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver after 1873 has any gold in circulation, while the United States, France and other countries which either stopped the free coinage of silver, or or coined it only on government account, have each a large volume of legal tender silver which circulates on an equality with gold in purchasing power.

If monometallism has "locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times," will not silver monometallism do the same?

Suppose gold monometallism is "a British policy?" Is it not also an American policy, and has it not been so in actual fact since the coinage act of 1835? Is it not a German policy, an Austria-Hungarian policy, a Russian policy, a Japanese policy, a Chilean policy? The assertion that it "has brought other nations into financial servitude to London" is a bit of demagogic flim-flam. What does it mean, if it means anything? As the statement stands, it is a falsehood, for there is no "financial servitude to London" on the part of any country. Any hoest man who makes a debt expects to pay it, and pay as much value as he received. If this be "financial servitude," it is simply old fashioned honesty, nothing more.

Regarding the last sentence above, we repepat that the gold standard is not opposed to any American principle nor American interest. The choice of the gold standard was merely the preference of honesty to dishonesty, of honor to dishonor, of a stable standard of values rather than a fluctuating one. The whole plank reeks with demagogy. It is an appeal for thievery under the forms of law. It is a demand that the law shall be made the instrument whereby to cheat all creditors, national, state or individual. It is an appeal for the legalization of robbery. It is the plea of a scoundrel, and no honest man can endorse it.

THE SEALING QUESTION.

In commenting upon the rather sharp note of instructions sent by Secretary of State Sherman to Ambassador Hay, the English press adopts the old pettifogger's maxim: "When you have no case, abuse the opposing counsel." The London newspapers have much to say of the "indiscretion" and "bad manners" of the Secretary, as evidenced in his instructions but they are conveniently silent as to the merits of the case.

In plain fact, England has no case. The question was submitted to arbitration, and England has persistently refused to perform her part in the protection or seal life, under the award of the arbitrators. They placed an equal obligation on the governments of Great Britain and the United States to patrol the sea and strictly enforce its regulations against the seal poachers, who are destroying the herd.

This country has repeatedly proposed the suspension of sealing for a time, and a joint conference with England to consider further measures for the prevention of the extermination of the seals. England has declined to do anything. The Secretary of State is tired of this trifling. England must keep her part of the award of the arbitrators, or he proposes to have a good reason assigned.

OHIO SILVER REPUBLICANS.

That is good advice which ex-Congressman Towne gives to the so-called silver Republicans of Ohio. He suggests that they make no nominations of their own, but that they support the Democratic state ticket. If they do not follow this advice they will make sorry spectacles of themselves.

It is true this faction was shamefully treated by the recent Democratic state convention. They came as brethren asking recognition, but were placed away up on the top shelf and became so mad about it that they walked out of the convention hall.

And yet they will do well to follow Mr. Towne's advice. The fact is the silver Republicans in Ohio cut but a small figure, and if they should attempt to flock by themselves the vote they would cast would be so small as to make them ridiculous. Besides, the place for this contingent is in the Democratic party. They are not Republicans, and the Republican party is not asking for their support.

Reports from Washington are to the effect that Senator Hanna has taken a room in the White House to escape place hunters. It is hoped the report is not true, for such action would certainly be in very bad taste. Other public men are importuned by office seekers and manage to worry along at hotels and boarding houses. Mr. Hanna should do the same. There is something about taking a room at the White House which does not sound right. Better face the music.

The rise in wheat will give the American farmers $60,000,000 more for this year's crop than they received for the last. Yet the free silverites attempt to make the farmers believe that neither whea nor anything else can rise in price unless we have free silver.

The old free trade cry is heard again that under the new tariff "Europe will boycott us." We were told the same thing in 1890, prior to the passage of the McKinley bill, yet in 1892 we sold more of our products abroad than ever before.

Good crops, such as are now being harvested, will do their full part towards bringing about prosperity and the Bryanites cannot help it.

THE TARIFF FIGHT ENDED.

The conference committee on the tariff bill has finally come to an agreement on the main points of difference. The Sugar Trust's efforts to have the sugar schedule "fixed" to suit its interests has failed. The Senate conferees yield to the demands of those of the House, and the sugar duties will be as they were when the bill passed the latter body.

This out of the way, the rest is plain sailing. The wool schedule will be restored to substantially the House rates; and, in fact, the bill as it comes out of the conference committee, will be much nearer the original bill than like the Senate measure.

The present week will see the bill completed and probably passed by both houses. The bill will get through the House by Tuesday evening. It will then go to the Senate, and it is hoped to get it through that body by Saturday. As there is no Senate rule for closing debate, it is quite possible for the Democrats to postpone action on the bill as long as they wish; but it is not expected that they will delay the passage of the measure longer than Saturday.

HONOR TO TOM REED!

The American people owe a debt of gratitude to sturdy Speaker Reed for the magnificent and successful fight he made as the leader of the Republicans of the House, to have the conference committee on the tariff bill abandon the Senate sugar schedule, with its concessions to the sugar trust, and to accept the House figures, which are fair and equitable. And especially should the Republicans of the nation honor him for preventing the stigma which would have been placed upon the Republican party had a tariff bill been enacted which contained a provision which would tax the people for the benefit of a huge and greedy monopoly.

Speaker Reed acted in this matter as the spokesman of the Republicans of the House. He is not an autocrat who compels the Republican Representatives to do his bidding. He is a leader because of his fitness; because the Republican membership have absolute confidence in his judgment, and know his Spartan courage in standing up for the best interests of the party and people; and because of his astute generalship and high executive ability.

Speaker Reed deserves the honors that are now being awarded him by the Republican citizens and press of the nation. To him, more than to any other man, is due the victory over the sugar conspirators in the Senate.

OUR BALANCE OF TRADE.

The export trade of the United States for the fiscal year ended on June 30 was the largest in our history. The total value of our exported merchandise for the year was $1,032,998,880, being almost $170,000,000 more than for the previous year, and over $17,000,000 more than for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892, which has been the record breaker hitherto.

Our imports for the year figured up a total of $764,373,905, of which $381,932,605 was free of duty. Our total imports for the previous year amounted to $779,724,074, showing that we did not spend so much money abroad this year as last; or, in other words, that we manufactured more for ourselves, and depended less upon foreign industries.

A little figuring will show that during the last fiscal year we sold abroad $287,613,186 more than we bought, the balance of trade running that much in our favor. For the previous fiscal year, the excess of exports over expenditures was only $102,882,264.

This enormous increase in the favorable balance of trade is not only an indication of the progress of the revival of business and industry, but assures us against any serious gold export movement. With nearly three hundred millions of a balance in our favor, the payment of interest and dividends on American stocks held abroad, ocean freights and the expenditures of American travelers abroad are all met, and more.

This fact is shown by the gold movement for the fiscal year. We imported $85,013,575 of gold, which was $44,653,795 more than the total gold exports. Besides this, the United States mints coined over $40,000,000 of new gold from our own mines during the year, thus adding over $84,000,000 to our stock of gold.

The showing for the fiscal year is a most satisfactory one, and the prospects for the next are still brighter. It opens with much higher prices for farm products than ruled one year ago, with increasing trade, increasing output of mills and factories, and every indication pointing to better times.

STATUS OF THE STRIKE.

The striking coal miners look upon the West Virginia mines as the key to the situation. They believe that success can come only through securing an absolute cessation of mining, so that the market will become exhausted, and the demand from railroads, electric plants and large manufacturing establishments will compel the operators to yield.

There are, in round numbers, 25,000 coal miners in West Virginia; and of these all are at work but some 700 or 800 men. Coal from the mines of that state is moving out briskly, and so far there has been no attempt on the part of the strikers to molest the trains. The mine operators there have, in some instances, raised the wages of their men, it is said, to hold them at work.

The strikers do not, it will be seen, overrate the importance of the West Virginia mines as a factor in the outcome of the movement. They have sent men to every mining point in the state to induce the West Virginia men to make common cause with them. The success or failure of this attempt will be demonstrated within a week, and then it will be possible to forecast, with some degree of reliability, the outcome of the strike.

Meanwhile it will be noted that the efforts at Pittsburg to bring about an agreement for an arbitration are not making much progress as yet. The operators are not anxious to go into the scheme. This is along the line suggested by The Blade in an editorial article yesterday—that the operators have, in reality, plenty of coal in the aggregate, and are satisfied to let things go for a while as they are. Coal is on the up grade in price, and they evidently propose to let it go as high as it will, and exhaust their stocks, before they will be willing to discuss terms with the men.

We are still inclined to believe the outcome will be that coal will be put on a higher level of prices to the consumer; that this will afford the operators a larger margin of profit, and enable them to pay better wages to the men; and that the operators will maintain an attitude of masterly inactivity until they have taught the coal-consuming public that higher prices must rule, and until the present stock of coal is exhausted.

KLONDYKE'S RICHES.

Even though the reports from the gold fields of the Yukon valley be discounted largely, the fact appears to be that the deposits there discovered are the richest in the world. The workings are "placer minings"—that is, the gold, in the form of nuggets, scales and dust, is found among the gravel of the streams, whence it has been brought down by the action of floods and freshets through uncounted years. It will be remembered that the first mining in California was along the streams, among the gravel and sand. When the placers were exhausted the miners went to the mountains, and found the mother lodes from which the action of the weather had released the gold, to be carried down and deposited along the water courses. No doubt the same thing will prove true in the valley of the Yukon. When the river gravels and sands are exhausted, the mountains will be searched for the quartz veins from which the drift gold came; and they must be of fabulous richness, to judge from the placer results.

There is sure to be a wild rush of gold-seekers to the inhospitable region of the new strike; but, unfortunately, the country there will never support a large population from its own resources. The country is largely rock, covered with a thick growth of Arctic moss. There is some land which, in a more temperate climate would be arable, but the season is too short to allow crops to mature. Grass cannot be made into hay, for there is not sun and dry weather enough to cure it, as it rains about 18 or 20 days each month. There is but little timber. Cattle cannot be raised unless forage is imported to feed them for the eight-months' winter. Food cannot be raised, except a few hardy vegetables, and these in but few localities. So any one with the gold fever should count the cost well before starting. It will take $500 cash to get there, and one should have an ample reserve supply of funds besides this sum.

PROSPERITY WITHOUT WORK.

On Tuesday a farmer came to town to get help to harvest his wheat. Walking up to a crowd of six sons of rest, loafing in the shade near the court house, he offered $1.50 a day and board for men to work in the harvest field. His offer was not accepted. Not a man in the crowd would go to work.

They want prosperity, but want it without a return to work. Their wives will wash, the charity fund will furnish their children shoes and books for school next winter, while they howl for a return of prosperity.—Van Wert Bulletin.

The same incident has no doubt occurred in dozens of other towns. There is a class of people who are continually finding fault with existing conditions. They have time to sit on store boxes and stand on street corners and advise how the government should be run and talk about hard times and the scarcity of work, and yet about the only energy they exhibit is in their endeavor to keep out of the way of work. They let their wives provide for the household or permit their families to become objects of charity, as the Bulletin suggests.

These dead beats are for the most part free silverites, although they cannot tell why, and are the most persistent calamity howlers. They are political agitators in a small way and what little influence they have is used to stir up discontent. If they are of any value whatever it is as auxiliaries of modern Democracy.

Out in Kansas there is a dearth of harvest hands. An enormous crop of wheat is to be harvested and it must be done within a few days. Large wages are offered for help but the response is so weak that the women are compelled to work in the fields in order to save the crops. It is a safe guess that in every Kansas town are a lot of these street corner loafers who refuse to work but who spend their days grumbling about hard times and shouting for free silver.

There are thousands of men idle from necessity and who are willing to do any kind of honorable work but as a rule they are not the men who are making the most noise neither do they run away from work when it is offered them.

GOLD DEMOCRATS STAND FIRM.

The followers of Bryan and free silver may deride the sound money Democrats of Kentucky as they will, but the fact remains that the convention yesterday was a remarkable gathering, attended by the men of brains in the Democratic party of that state. Eliminate from Kentucky Democracy such men as Henry Watterson, John G. Carlisle, W. C. P. Breckenridge, Simon P. Buckner and Senator Lindsay, and where are the party leaders in the Blue Grass state?

The convention yesterday was largely attended and the deliberations were of the highest order. The sentiments expressed were to stand firm by the principles of the real Democratic party and to unalterably oppose the fads and fanaticisms of modern Democracy which, as Henry Watterson said, "is cut loose from its moorings and cast adrift upon the shoreless sea of political adventure without a pilot, or rudder or compass."

The tide is turning. The Bryan fad is dying out as all such fads must die. True, it has wrecked the Democratic party but it is now wrecking itself, and as Mr. Watterson puts it, is as dead as African slavery.

Throughout all the great central states Bryanism is on the wane. The vote cast by the sound money Democrats of Michigan last spring showed the turning of the tide. Iowa Democrats are sick of Bryan and free silver and her Democratic leaders like Boies do not hesitate to proclaim its fallacy. Kentucky Democrats are for sound money and will prove it in November, while in Ohio the conservative element of the party is standing like a rock against the elements of Populism, which is Bryanism.

Bluff and abuse will have no effect on these sound money, business Democrats. They are the men of the highest character in the Democratic party, have fought its battles in the past and stand steadfast by its old-time principles. The division of the rabble will not dissuade them from their course and when Bryanism and Altgeldism are swept from the land they will be in position to say to their erring brethren, "I told you so."

The chief obstacle to Hawaiian annexation in the Senate seems to be a desire to await the outcome of the quarrel among sugar speculators.

The Nebraska farmers are prospering and paying off their mortgages, to the manifest disproof of Dismal Billy Bryan, the calamity croaker.

Well, suppose there is truth in the story of a Spanish-Japanese alliance? Uncle Sam can lick both, if need arises.

Thomas Brackett Reed gets more honor out of the tariff conference than anybody else.

Wonder where Andree and his balloon are to-day?

THE COMPETITOR CASE.

The report of the Senate committee on the Competitor case shows that the President will have the solid backing of the Senate in any steps he may take in that matter. The committee declares that this country should obtain the release of the three Americans captured on the schooner, still confined in a Spanish prison in Cuba, and the restoration of the Competitor to her owner. And the report recommends that the President be authorized and requested "to employ such power as may be necessary" to accomplish these things.

The Spanish authorities took hold of this case in their usual tyrannical fashion. The captured men were sentenced to be shot by a tribunal conducted in total disregard of justice and of international comity, and the sentence would have been carried out had it not been for the prompt protest of this government. The Madrid authorities then annulled the findings of the court, and the men were thrown into prison, where they yet remain. As the committee says in its report, "these acts of delay and denial of justice and of the infliction of injustice vitiate and make void any right which Spain had in the beginning of this transaction to proceed criminally against any of these men." But one step remains to be taken—to demand and secure their release. And the President is now empowered to take any measures he may deem proper to secure this.

When a party becomes so bad that Populists will not associate with it that party is near the bottom of the toboggan. And that is what's the matter with Ohio Democracy.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

The past week, up to this writing, shows no particular changes in the situation of the bituminous coal miners' strike. The efforts to get the miners in the principal West Virginia districts to join in the strike have not been very successful. Moreover, it would seem as if they might not go out, as their wages are now increased so that they amount to 13 cents more on the ton than the Ohio and Pennsylvania miners ask for. In the early part of the week it was rumored that there was a shortage in the supply of soft coal. In consequence the price rose from 70 cents to $1.80 a ton, at which rate small amounts were bought, particularly at Cleveland. Later, however, the price receded to about $1.25 a ton, at which figure it may be bought at present.

Reports as to the supply of soft coal differ materially. Although a few industrial concerns are reported as having closed down for lack of fuel, no noticeable hardship has been inflicted on this account. Furthermore, it is reported that the railroads have ceased to confiscate coal. Some of the operators express willingness to compromise matters if existing abuses in company stores, weights and screens are removed, and, in addition, if settlements are made by weight fortnightly. All that is necessary to consummate this arrangement is the adhesion of certain large operators. It is needless to say that the anthracite coal trade is likely to benefit by the strike. So is the coke industry, over 1,000 ovens having been fired up within the past two or three weeks.

The singular circumstances which finds employer and employe practically agreed upon the merit of the question—even though that agreement to differ—is a guarantee that cool judgment and common sense will serve to bring about an adjustment of the coal strike. This view has evidently been accepted on the stock exchange, where, despite the widespread natur of the strike, values of stocks have shown no depreciation worth mentioning.

Reports of valuable discoveries in Alaska are now coming thick and fast. It was but the other day that prospectors reported the discovery of a lake of oil, fed by innumerable springs and surrounded by mountains of coal, the deposits being sufficient to supply the world. To-day comes the news that gold in fabulous quantities has been discovered and that some of the prospectors who have been a short time at work are returning to civilization already rich "beyond the dreams of avarice." The reports of the gold discoveries seem to be well authenticated and everybody will hope that all these stories of mineral and other wealth are true. Of such good things there cannot be too much. But there is wisdom in conservatism.

It requires something like $500 for a man to get to the new Alaska gold fields, and at least $5,000 if he would engage in mining for himself. Walking is said to be poor. Under these circumstances there is little chance of the country being relieved of any considerable number of its superfluous hoboes. The tin can with a string attached will be quite as much in evidence as if gold had never been discovered on the Klondike.

Secretary Sherman's instructions to Ambassador Hay concerning the sealing question set forth the delinquency of Great Britain in aiding our government in measures designed to prevent the extermination of the herd and end with the oft-repeated hope that Great Britain will change her policy and unite with the United States, Russia and Japan in support of protective regulations. England is bound in good faith by the Paris arbitration to send cruisers to Bering Sea to aid in suppressing pelagic sealing out of season, or contrary to law. It is right to hold her to her obligation. But our case would be better had we promptly settled the bill of damages awarded Canadian sealers by the same tribunal.

President McKinley's special message recommending a currency commission will be withheld until after the passage of the tariff bill, and it is probable that the Republicans will then consider the demand for currency reform sufficiently met for the time being by having the House pass a bill authorizing the commission, while the Senate will postpone action until December.

A story has been put afloat that Spain and Japan have entered into an alliance defensive and offensive against the United States. A Paris dispatch says that inquiry at the American embassy confirms the rumor to this effect. If an arrangement of this kind had been made and General Porter was cognizant of it, he would have communicated it immediately to his government, which is in utter ignorance thereof. Judge Day, the first assistant secretary, disclaims knowledge of the report and regards it as too improbable to discuss. It is simply a mid-summer sensation gotten up by some imaginative correspondent for lack of trustworthy news to give to the wires.

The ordering of the flagship San Francisco and the cruiser Raleigh under Admiral Selfridge, to Tangiers, to demand that the rights of American citizens in Morocco are properly respected, is a reminder that this is not the first time Uncle Sam has had business for his warships in the Mediterranean. Indeed, as far back as 1801, the frigates Philadelphia, President and Essex, and the schooner Enterprise, were sent to those waters under command of Captain Richard Dale, to punish the Barbary corsairs who had been preying on our commerce. When the Bashaw of Tripoli in 1803 sanctioned further outrages, Captain Edward Preble was sent in the famous frigate Constitution to command the squadron. He bombarded Tripoli, and the result was a treaty in which the Bashaw relinquished all claim to tribute from American vessels in future. One of the incidents of the war was the recapture by Lieut. Stephen Decatur of the Philadelphia, which had been unlawfully seized by the Bashaw's forces. This is one of the brilliant traditions of the navy.

Again in 1815, after the close of the second war with England, there was work for our warships in the Mediterranean. Our merchantmen were harried to such an extent that Congress declared war against Algiers, and sent over a squadron under Decatur and Bainbridge. The result was that the pirates were swept from the seas.

The present trouble is not so serious, and will doubtless be settled without a resort to force.

No ship flying American colors entered any port in Morocco in 1895, and there is no mention made of any American trade with Morocco in the last report of the world's commerce issued by the bureau of statistics at Washington. People are naturally asking, "Who, then, are these American merchants for the vindication of whose rights American ships of war are ordered to Tangier?" They are Greeks, Moors, or "Rock Scorpions," as the mongrels born at Gibraltar are called, who have caught on to the trick of coming to America, taking out naturalization papers, and going home again clothed with immunity from local supervision and swindling official exactions. It is not strange this under a system so easily abused frequent infringement upon the strict letter of the treaty provisions should occur.

A gentleman who has visited Cuba and become familiar with Spanish officers' methods writes to the current Forum to say that so far as all efforts of Spanish officers to the contrary are concerned the war there will go on indefinitely. That is to say, these officers will use Fabian tactics in order that they may continue to levy blackmail and line their pockets with gold. Such a thing as honor or sincerity among Spanish officers is wholly unknown. They are in Cuba for what there is in it. Whenever they do any fighting it is only for appearance sake. Though they outnumber the Cuban soldiers six or eight to one and ought therefore to be on the offensive, they are practically on the defensive. About the only blood-letting for which they are responsible is when they slaughter occupants of hospitals or kill women and children.

According to the Berlin Vossische Zeitung, Persia has been encroaching on Turkish territory near Kerbela. The sultan has ordered an evacuation of the territory under threat of war. As Russia is believed to be supporting the Persians, war may come soon in Asia.

Should Russia advance once more into Asia Minor, Turkish power there would be overthrown. Skilful German artillerists could not save the Turk, for the Russians have the best modern arms and are stubborn fighters. With Kars and Batoum as bases, and a powerful fleet in the Black sea, Russia could occupy and hold a good part of Asia Minor.

To prevent the dismemberment of Greece and the permanent advance of Ottoman power in the west, the powers are likely to give Russia a free hand, if not substantial support. Such neutrality has been looked for since the treaty of Berlin robbed Russia of the fruits of victory in 1878.

Turkey's attitude of procrastination in reference to the settlement of terms of peace has apparently strained even the temper of the ambassadors who have been so long endeavoring to reach some solution of the territorial question growing out of the late war with Greece. They have, seemingly, at last realized that the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs was merely amusing himself with them for reasons which will be readily appreciated by those familiar with the practices of oriental diplomacy, and which should have been transparent to the ambassadors of Russia and Great Britain particularly. The game has not met with the success expected. It is but a few days ago that the Porte announced that while it was willing to abate something of the amount of the indemnity demanded from Greece, it would not recede from its determination to hold Thessaly as far as the river Salamoria. This was equivalent to a declaration that it would not adopt the principle of a strategic frontier proposed by the Powers. This declaration at last aroused the ambassadors to the need of taking definite action. They informed the Porte that if it did not announce definitely that it would resume peace negotiations on the basis suggested by them heretofore they would be compelled to inform their governments that the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted and that there remained no alternative but coercion by the Powers. This action at once brought the Porte to terms, and Tewfik Pasha announced that Turkey accepted the principle of a strategic frontier.

The question of an indemnity enters largely into the negotiations now going on for peace between Greece and Turkey. Though the sultan wants the Province of Thessaly, as well as a large sum of money, it is not probable that the powers will allow him to acquire any new territory, as a result of the war. In the end he will have to be satisfied with an indemnity—and be glad to get it. In all probability Greece will have to put her navy in pawn to Turkey, until the sum agree upon is paid.

The practice of exacting payment in cash from a vanquished nation, is entirely modern. In former days the cession of territory by the losing party was almost the only form of war indemnity exacted. Thus, after the war of 1864, vanquished Denmark paid no war indemnity to Prussia and Austria. The independence of Schleswig-Holstein was the end sought. Schleswig-Holstein was freed from the suzerainty of Denmark, and both became as Schleswig-Holstein an integral part of the then existing German federation. Subsequently, as a result of the war with Austria in 1866 Schleswig-Holstein became a Prussian province. In addition, as a further result of this war, Prussia received from Austria indemnity of $41,000,000 cash and $3,700,000 for provisions used during the campaign.

By far the largest war indemnity ever paid was that exacted by Germany from France after the war of 1870-71. This was the now famous "five milliards," or 5,000,000,000 francs, beside the payment of which France had to restore to Germany the entire territory of Alsatia and the greatest part of Lorraine, wrested by Louis XVI. from the disintegrating Teutonic nations 200 years before. As a result of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877, the Congress of Berlin fixed the cash indemnity to be paid to Russia by the porte at $160,000,000; Russia had originally demanded $700,000,000. Turkey also relinquished suzerainty over Roumania and Servia; it ceded Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria; guaranteed the independence of Bulgaria, and consented to the autonomy of Rumelia.

Coming down to the war of 1894 between China and Japan, we find that victorious Japan got $185,000,444 in cash, besides the island of Formosa as a territorial reward.

It is worthy of note in this connection, that after the Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866, the Dominion sought an indemnity from the United States, but never received a cent because England refused to support its claims at Washington, giving as an ostensible reason that the loss sustained by Canada by the invasion "as not worth mentioning."

Bulgaria, which has, in several respects, shown herself sensitive to the influence of Western civilization, has adopted the Gregorian calendar, and it is not improbable that others of the Balkan states may do the same thing, leaving Russia alone in the maintenance of the outworn and absurd Julian scheme of noting the years. The story of the reform instituted by Pope Gregory XIII. has been often told and is in all the cyclopaedias, but its repetition may be useful to some readers. He found that the eleven minutes gained each year, by the Julian calendar, amounted to ten complete days in 1,582 years; so that he ordered that the ten days should be added in 1582, and that October 5 should be called October 15, and that further displacement might not recur he further ordained that only every 400th year should be counted a leap year. In this way the difference between the civil and natural year will not amount to a day only once every 3,866 years, a rectification which may be left to the men of the 39th century to make. The Catholic nations adopted the new style immediately; Scotland in 1600; the Lutherans of Germany and the low countries in 1700, and England waited until 1751 before reforming her calendar. Russia still clings to the Julian calendar, and may, for many years, as progress moves in all directions with leaden feet in the realm of the czar.

HOBART'S GREAT MEMORY

It Has Enabled Him Greatly to Facilitate Tariff Debate.

Washington Post:—When the debits and credits on the passage of the tariff bill are being cast up, a very large account on the credit side must be opened for Vice-President Hobart.

The vice-president has saved hours and hours of debate and delay by his quick perception and comprehensive knowledge. He keeps tab on everything.

"Has paragraph 432 been disposed of?" asked Mr. Allison.

"It was disposed of on the 28th instant," replied the Vice-President, instantly.

On another occasion, Mr. Hobart knew exactly the date nearly three weeks previous, upon which another schedule had been acted upon. He remembers who asks postponement of one paragraph or another, and can correctly state in the most concise fashion any question, no matter how intricate. The most remarkable instance, however, of Mr. Hobart's familiarity with tariff matters was shown in an incident which happened last Wednesday.

"Will the senator," said Mr. Mills, addressing Senator Quay, "refer me to the particular paragraph about cattle in the present law?"

"Paragraph 373 of the Wilson law," responded the Vice-President, without a moment's hesitation.

By his alertness and information, the Vice-President has kept the debate as well in hand as any one could do under the rules of the senate, and has shown how a business man's mind can adapt itself to new circumstances with great success.

MISS HAYES TO MARRY.

Miss Frances Hayes is the only daughter of the late ex-President R. B. Hayes. Her engagement to Ensign Harry E. Smith, of the navy was announced at Fremont, the Hayes home, a few days ago.

MISS FRANCES HAYES.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The records which women have recently made in Greece and other war-scathed sections of the world bring to mind the fact that the gentle art of nursing is not lost or forgotten, says the New York Herald. It recalls, too, the life and work of the greatest of all nurses, Florence Nightingale who recently passed her 77th birthday.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale is living the most tranquil of lives in a little house in the west end of London that she has occupied for years.

GERMANY'S COMING MAN.

Dr. Miquel will probably succeed Prince Hohenlohe as chancellor of the German empire. Dr. Miquel is at present Prussian minister of finance.

DR. MIQUEL.

A PASTOR AND POET.

The Rev. H. Van Dyke, D.D., has been one of New York's best beloved pastors for years, but during that time he has found the opportunity to do a good deal of excellent literary work. He is just bringing out a volume of new poems, "The Builders and Other Poems," which is said to possess marked dignity and beauty. The first book to win notice was Dr. Van Dyke's "The ootry of Tennyson," in 1889, which work met with the warmest praise of the laureate himself. "The Christ Child in Art" deals beautifully with the infant and madonna as seen by the painters and sculptors of the past. The poems of nature are wonderfully real and true whenever Dr. Van Dyke has lifted up his voice to raise the beauty of the world about him.

Sir Moroccan students, who have completed their studies at the Italian naval academy, have been sent back to their country on the warship Lepanto.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

"OLD STOCKHOLM."

The amusements or what may be termed the festive part of the Scandinavian fair at Stockholm are many, and the most interesting of these is "Old Stockholm."

It is the Stockholm of the royal Vasas, 300 years ago, and it also marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Stockholm as the capital of Sweden by Knut Eriksson, the then king of Sweden. It was 700 years ago, in 1197, that the royal Swedish court and the seat of government were moved from old Upsala, the ancient Swedish capital, to Stockholm.

"Old Stockholm" is located a short distance beyond the fishery hall, on a point of land projecting into the Djurgards brunnsviken and partly built on ground formed by filling

"OLD STOCKHOLM," WITH THE CASTLE "TRE KRONOR," SEEN FROM ST. NIKLAS.

in the sound. The most important buildings are the imitations of the royal castle, the so-called "Tre Kronor," Storkyrkan, the oldest church in Stockholm, and still existing, where Olaus Petri first published the Swedish translation; and the old city hall, with Stortorget, the public square, the scene of the historic Stockholm "bloodbath," when Christian of Denmark surnamed The Tyrant, beheaded 600 Swedish nobles. The building called "Tre Kronor" was located where the present royal palace is now, and the foundations of the palace rest to some extent on the foundations of the old building.

Entering "Old Stockholm" the eye meets on every side old historical buildings and features from the Vasa times. The shops and streets are filled with people in the picturesque costume of the fifteenth century. Here also the works in gold and all the articles, trades and professions in vogue at that period, the old houses of the various "gilds" are extremely interesting. One of them has two signs in the old-fashioned letterings:

SANCTA GERTRYDS GILLE
STUGA.

And this inscription inviting the traveler:

GACK HARIN, KIEKELSKLOF
WEN OCH TRY SKALL FOR EN
RING A PENNING LIFLIGT NIUTA
LIJFSENS SOTMA.

("Enter here beloved friend, and thou shalt for a small coin delightfully enjoy the sweets of life.") Further on the visitor finds the historical "Bollhusteatern," the first theatre in Sweden, the predecessor of the present Royal Dramatic theatre. Here plays from this period are represented. The costumes, scenery and all accessories are in imitation of the period of the Vasas, and in comparison to our modern theatres, and even to Swedish theatres, was no doubt highly enjoyed by the galleries of the time.

The construction of the buildings from historical data, the ancient costumes, dresses and arms reflect great credit on the organizers and designing architects, Frederik Lilljekvist and Royal Riksantiquarien H. Hildebrand. It is not alone a place of amusement, but an educational opportunity to study a period of the most interesting time of Swedish history.

CURRENT EVENTS.

In Germany the authorities tax a dog according to its size.

Two million pounds' worth of German toys are sold in England every year.

The fumes of a lemon cut in two and rubbed will remove berry stains from the fingers.

The average time it takes a letter to reach Shanghai, China, from London is 33½ days.

A Pennsauken, N. J., man raises strawberries so large that a dozen of them make a quart.

Women working in many German factories are forbidden to wear corsets during working hours.

In France, if a person dies with more debts than can be covered by his estate, the doctor's bill has precedence over all other claims.

The Cincinnati members of the Society of Western Artists

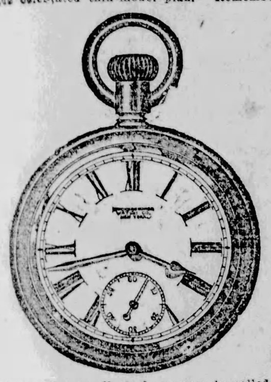
Publishers' Column.

A WATCH FOR EVERYBODY!

A Premium Watch That Breaks the Record—Read Carefully This Offer.

Think of a stem-wind and stem-set watch, guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, that will not cost a cent!

We have secured for our friends one of the most serviceable watches ever made, which is a stem-winder and stem-setter, having all the modern appliances known to watchmakers' art. The case is solid nickel. It is made on the celebrated thin-model plan. Remember,



this is not a small clock, commonly called a watch by unscrupulous advertisers, but a highly jeweled nickel movement, made by one of the most celebrated watch manufacturers in America. It is guaranteed by the manufacturer, and if not found exactly as represented, this guarantee is assumed by us. A watch like this a generation ago would have cost $20, if it could have been produced, but the fact is it contains appliances unknown at that time. Each watch has been thoroughly adjusted, and will be sent in perfect running order.

How to Get It.

We will send this watch by mail to any person who will send us a club of only three $1 yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade; or we will mail it to you postage prepaid for only $2.

It will be seen, therefore, by the above that no one need be without a watch equal for keeping time to any in the neighborhood a single day longer. It will not take long to get up a club of only three subscribers for the best family newspaper in the United States. Try it and see how easy it is. Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Our latest picture is Sheridan at the Battle of Five Forks, size 10x15 inches, and executed in colors. Price 25 cents. This picture cannot be purchased at an art store for less than 75 cents.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWER PICTURES.

We have just arranged with a large picture publishing house for a limited number of very handsome flower pictures. They are on very heavy paper, 10½x20 inches, and cannot be purchased at any art store for less than $1. These pictures are from the paintings of prominent artists, the work executed by one of the best picture publishing houses in the country, and the coloring is exquisite. When framed and hung on the wall they cannot be distinguished from genuine water color paintings. They must be seen to be appreciated.

We are always seeking for something to please our subscribers, and we believe in these pictures we have secured something that will delight the heart of every lady reader of The Blade.

The subjects are:
No. 1—Roses and Lilacs.
No. 2—American Beauties and Lilacs.
No. 3—Roses and Violets.
No. 4—American Beauties.

We have only a few copies of No. 4. It is a beauty, and if you want it, order quickly.

Our price, 50 cents each, or 85 cents per pair.

Or, if you will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, we will send you any TWO flower pictures FREE.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

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Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge).
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Storming of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Battle of Plow Mountain, Tenn.
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It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

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They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
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½ dozen table knives	2.25
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CUT PAPER PATTERN S

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of THE BLADE.

NO. 7101—LADIES' BOLEROS.

The models here illustrated show two different styles of the ever popular bolero. No. 1 is composed of white organdy tucked in clusters or groups that are joined by bands of insertion. The garment is simply adjusted by shoulder and under-arm seams. The back shows a straight lower edge while the fronts are shaped in rounding outline. The collar is a close band overlaid with violet ribbon stylishly bowed at the centre-back. To the upper edge of the collar is sewed a full divided ruche of lace providing a soft and becoming fulness. Epaulette frills bordered with a ruffle of lace, headed by a single band insertion, droops over the sleeves of the bodice which is composed of white spotted muslin over violet batiste.

No. 2 is carried out in white moire uniquely decorated with black satin ribbon. It is worn

7101—Ladies' Boleros.

over a gown of barege showing white and royal blue. The jacket is sufficiently short to permit of the wearing of a deep girdle. The back is slashed after the manner of the latest models and is joined by shoulder and under-arm seams to the fronts that close at the neck, gradually separating below this point to show the full waist beneath. The collar and epaulettes are similar to those seen in No. 1. Jaunty little boleros of this description can be made of silk, satin, velvet, moire velours, canvas and other fashionable weaves, and decorated according to individual taste. Among the suitable trimmings are ribbon applied in straight bands, ruffles or narrow quillings, lace, bands of insertion, or heavy guimpe lace applique over brilliant hued satin. Spangles and sequins are frequently seen upon black satin, the effect being exceedingly beautiful.

It requires but the merest trifle of material to make either one of these charming little boleros that can be made either to match the waist over which it is worn or of contrasting fabrics. Remnants can be picked up at a trifling cost, making it within the reach of every woman to possess a stylish little accessory that will do wonders in smartening up last season's gowns.

To make either bolero for a lady in the medium size will require one and seven-eighths yards of twenty-two-inch material. The pattern, No. 7101, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7121—LADIES' AND MISSES' BLAZER.

Nothing seems to hold popular favor more completely than the blazer. While Etons and boleros may be and are close rivals the blazer fills a more potent need than either and retains its own place. The style shown in the illustration is both simple and stylish. The pattern is given for misses as well as ladies, there being absolutely no difference in cut between those worn by the growing girls and their mammas. The fronts are without darts and there are straight backs which are laid

7121—Ladies' and Misses' Blazer.

in underlying plaits at the waist line, side forms and under-arm gores by means of which the fitting is effected. The sleeves are two-seamed and show the regulation slight fulness at the top. The fronts are reversed to form lapels which meet the rolling coat collar in uneven notches.

As shown the material is light-weight covert cloth, but all-wool stuffs as well as pique, linen, duck, crash and cotton cheviot are well suited to the style. Whatever the material the finish is an important point and differs according as the material is washable or is not. All goods classed under the latter head are made unlined. The seams being neatly bound and both collar and revers simply self-faced without stiffening.

Wool goods of all sorts call for a lining of taffetas and for an interlining of tailor's canvas in both collar and revers as well as a two-inch facing round the lower edge and at the wrist of each sleeve. When so treated the blazer takes that set that nothing else can give and should be quite as stylish as though made by an expert. The revers and collar are invariably faced with the material but the finish may be either the severe machine stitching or an applique of narrow braid as indicated.

To make this blazer for a lady in the medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7121, is cut in sizes for a 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

NO. 7103—LADIES' ETON JACKET.

This stylish Eton jacket is developed in navy-blue serge, neatly decorated with braid. It can be worn over the regulation shirt waist in wash fabrics or silk, or with linen chemisette, as illustrated. Its smooth, seamless back joins the fronts in shoulder and under-arm seams. The jacket extereds to the waist line, and the closing is effected invisibly at the center-front with coat hooks and eyes. Above the closing the fronts are reversed to form lapels that meet the rolling coat collar in uneven notches. The sleeves, shaped by two seams, have the slight fulness at the top regulated by gathers, and the wrists are decorated with braid. Braided ornaments adorn the fronts of the jacket, which is lined throughout with red taffeta silk. The garment may be appropriately made of serge, cloth, canvas weave or other seasonable fabrics, and neatly finished with machine stitching or braid applied in various forms of decoration. When carried out in cloth, in hussar-blue or red, decorated with

7103—Ladies' Eton Jacket.

braid in military style, the jacket can be worn over a skirt of white pique, making an exceedingly effective costume. The mode is also adopted to cycling, yachting, shopping, traveling, or general utility wear.

To make this jacket for a lady in the medium size will require two yards of 44-inch material. The pattern, No. 7103, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

DO NOT FAIL to give the NUMBER of pattern, and MEASUREMENTS. It will save trouble and delay.

NO. 7123—LADIES' YOKE SKIRT.

No one style has been or is more popular for summer gowns than the Spanish flounce, for it conforms to the demand for trimming and is simple at one and the same time. The skirt shown in the illustration is of figured organdy, and the flounce is graduated in accordance with the latest device of fashion. Indias, foulards, surahs and all light-weight silks, as well as every sort of diaphanous material, are in every way adapted to the style, which is peculiarly well suited to tall figures. The only essential difference between the making of the silk and cotton stuffs lies in the fact that in the case of the former the yoke should be lined with taffetas, percaline or some similar material, while the latter are made unlined throughout and worn over a slip.

The pattern shows the front, sides and back of the yoke or fitted portion, and gives graduated flounce; the amount of fullness for each portion being indicated by the usual notches and crosses.

The model is trimmed with bands of needlework, which finishes the hem and are so adjusted as to cover the seam that joins the flounce to the yoke. And some such simple treatment is considered most appropriate for

7123—Ladies' Yoke Skirt.

lawns, organdies and the like, but some few gowns are shown with the tiny frills arranged at the hem of the ample flounce, while the silk gowns are made more or less elaborate, as the individual may prefer. With all that has been noticed on the subject of trimming, some nearly plain gowns are still to be seen, and by far the greater number made with the Spanish flounce have some simple flat finish similar to that the illustration shows.

To make this skirt for a lady in the medium size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material. The pattern, No. 7123, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

NO. 7143—LADIES' UMBRELLA SKIRT.

This petticoat, as shown, is made of figured taffeta silk, decorated with ruffles of the same material. The front and sides are gored, and the back is closely gathered. The adjustment is close across the front and over the hips, where two small darts are provided. Below the hips the skirt gradually expands. The bottom finishes with a deep Spanish flounce, which is gathered at the top to form a heading, and is trimmed at the lower edge with three narrow overlapping ruffles which

7143—Ladies' Umbrella Skirt.

further emphasize the flare and produce a decided frou-frou effect. The top of the petticoat is finished by a bias underfacing, forming a casing through which a tape is run to regulate the fullness at the back.

Dainty skirts can be made of lawn, cambric, sateen, muslin, etc., trimmed with ruffles of the material, lace, insertion or embroidery.

To make this skirt for a lady in the medium size will require 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. The pattern, No. 7143, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

NO. 7144—LADIES' UMBRELLA DRAWERS.

Fine white cambric, insertion and deep embroidery are selected for these drawers that, in consequence of their width, have the appearance of a short divided skirt. The shap-

7144—Ladies' Umbrella Drawers.

ing is accomplished by short inside leg seams and the upper portion is closely gathered and joined to the lower edge of a shallow yoke that extends across the front and sides meeting the straight back section. A casing is inserted at the top of the yoke and across the back breadths through which a linen tape is inserted to regulate the fulness. The drawers, which are open, have the lower edge of each leg portion decorated with a deep ruffle of embroidery headed by a single band of insertion.

Cambric, lawn, nainsook, muslin and long cloth are all appropriate materials, trimmed with lace, embroidery, or ruffle of the material.

To make these drawers for a lady in the medium size will require three and three-fourths yards of thirty-sinx-inch material. The pattern, No. 7144, is cut for in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

READTHE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

OUTLOOK IN OHIO.

St. Louis Globe Democrat:—A few papers which are looking over the ground in Ohio are talking in a strain something like this: The Republican lead in Ohio was 137,000 in 1894, 93,000 in 1895, and 47,000 (for President) in 1896; therefore the Democrats are going to win in 1897. On the surface of things this deduction looks reasonable. At the recent rate of retrogression the Republican preponderence in Ohio must have reached the vanishing point by this time. One little factor in the calculation, however, is left out. When the Republicans had their lead of 137,000 in 1894 and 93,000 in 1895 over the Democrats, the Populists were running a separate ticket, which polled 49,000 votes in 1894, and 53,000 votes in 1895. On the other hand, in 1896, the Democrats and Populists were united, and the 47,000 Republican plurality in that year was over the Dem-Pop combination. This correction gives the case a somewhat different aspect. The Republican party in Ohio was relatively stronger in 1896 than it was in 1895. McLean and Chapman will hardly carry Ohio this year, although they will probably come nearer to it than Bryan did last year.

ALL-FIRED HOT.

When weather gits like this, it's calkilated to excuse
A man fur tryin' language that he doesn't mostly use.
It's nonsense to be offerin' to relieve a man that squirms
Beneath the brollin', blisterin' sun, with scientific terms.
They kin tell of "diathermancy," explainin' how it acts,
But it don't make no apology fur downright, bottom facts;
For when you've finished readin', 'bout the only thing you've got
Is the solemn proposition that it's all-fired hot!

These technical expressions has their drawbacks, as you'll find;
They do all believe fur matter; but they don't lieve the mind.
This "atmospheric pressure" is a phrase that orter please;
But the pressure on yer feelin's is the thing you wanter ease.
They kin talk of "aqueous vapor" with benevolent designs,
And amuse us by the pictors drawed with "isothermal lines."
But with me, the only words that re'ly seems to touch the spot
Is the candid declaration that it's all-fired hot!

—Washington Star.

HE CAN'T MISS.

His Telescope Brings Objects Near, and Then He Hits 'Em.

Meadville, Pa., July 17.—This city is honored by the citizenship of a man whose friends claim great things for an invention which he recently exhibited here. It is a telescope rifle and is expected to revolutionize the gentle art of hitting the bull's-eye.

B. F. Miller's Marlin rifle would have nothing to differentiate it from the com-

MILLER'S TELESCOPE GUN.

mon or garden variety of rifle were it not for a telescope with powerful lenses which runs along the barrel and stops just short of the muzzle.

"If," reasoned Miller, "I can hit an object which is close to me, why cannot I hit any distant object capable of being brought close by a telescope running exactly parallel with the barrel? If this rifle will carry 730 yards, and I can make an object at that distance appear to be only ten yards away, why should I ever miss anything?"

Some sceptical people who are not friends of Mr. Miller claim that he proudly went off on a hunting trip with his new gun and sneaked back home after dark with an empty gamebag.

But then there are always envious ones.

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where your future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose that again to the forks you went back,
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache—
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

—Chicago Herald.

Some Beauty Hints.

Do not wash the face in hard water. If possible, use filtered rain water, but as this is not so easy to get, soften the water by artificial means. Half an ounce of California borax, three ounces of almond meal, and three ounces of finely ground oatmeal may be mixed together in a cheesecloth bag and dropped in a bowl of water. This will soften it and the complexion will be found much improved in consequence. An ounce of powdered orris root may be added to the mixture, giving it an odor of violets.

To cure redness of the hands, beat together one ounce of clear honey, one ounce of almond oil, the juice of a lemon and the yolk of a raw egg. Apply at night to the hands, and cover with old gloves slit across the palms.

Wheels Within Wheels.

Mrs. Fatleigh (surprised)—What on earth possessed you to get a Wockwock wheel, Reginald? Why, it has absolutely no reputation whatever.

Flatleigh (miserably)—I know it hasn't, Antoinette, I got it because it is the make our janitor rides.—Puck.

COL. L. J. CRAWFORD.

Elected President of the Republican National League of Clubs.

CHARLEY ROSS.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOY AT LAST CLEARED UP.

He Either Died or Was Murdered—The Skeleton Found When the House Was Torn Down.

The mystery of lost Charley Ross is a mystery no longer, says the New York Journal. Ellsworth Mosher, nephew of William Mosher, the chief of the desperate gang that kidnaped the boy 23 years ago, and son of Gilbert Mosher, the thug's brother who put the police on the kidnaper's trail, makes the statement that the stolen child died or was murdered in the house at No. 55 Grand street or the adjoining house on the corner of South Fifth avenue. In the basement of this house the wife of the criminal chief had a restaurant, and 16 years ago workmen, in tearing out the old basement walls, found the skelton of a boy.

That skeleton, Gilbert Mosher told his son, was all that was left of Charley Ross, and Ellsworth Mosher now for the first time discloses the statement.

William Mosher and his accomplice, Joseph Douglas, were killed during a burglary. Gilbert Mosher is dead. Christian K. Ross, the father of the stolen child, who spent his fortune in the search for his boy, is also dead.

Mosher an Industrious Man.

Ellsworth Mosher is an industrious laborer, an honest man, according to his employers and neighbors, who feels keenly the association of his family with the black crime, and who would rather talk of anything in the world than the stealing of Charley Ross and his death.

To understand the authority with which this man tears the veil from a mystery nearly a quarter of a century old it is necessary to recount some of the awful circumstances of the crime that was meant to be the first crime in a system of brigandage throughout the country. The plans of the fiends who stole and held the child for ransom were never fulfilled.

They neither gained the price they put upon his life nor the example by which they thought to terrorize other parents into paying unquestioningly for kidnaped children. The nation was spared the infliction of the horrid industry and the child-stealers were killed in committing another crime, but the sacrifice for the nation's immunity and the criminal's punishment were the life of the hazel-eyed, curly headed child, the dissipation of a fortune and the going to ruin of a once happy home.

The hideous end of the story might have been known years ago, if it could not have been averted, had the police heeded the advice of the undertaker whom the widow of the arch criminal sought out and begged to take charge of the burial of her guilty husband and his fellow burglar and accomplice, Joseph Douglas, when the two were shot to death by those they sought to rob.

The Police Were Notified.

This undertaker was John Henry Munn, whose establishment is at No. 100 Avenue D. He had years before worked in the shipyard on the East river with the Moshers. When the woman came to him Munn communicated with Police Superintendent Walling, and begged him to trace the woman, feeling sure she could lead them where the stolen boy was hidden, but the police official paid more attention to her brother, William Westervelt. He was enraged at Westervelt, who had worked in with his relatives and the others of the gang while in the police pay to aid in their apprehension, and the woman slipped away. They convicted Westervelt of complicity in the kidnaping of Charley Ross, and sent him to prison for seven years. This was in 1875. Westervelt never admitted his guilt or betrayed the secrets of his mates. He might have bought liberty with the child could he have produced it. He did not, and the inference is that the child was dead and he must have confessed murder and not merely kidnaping had he told the story.

Only on this hypothesis is it possible to adequately explain the silence of Westervelt during his imprisonment. Charley Ross was stolen on July 1, 1874. He and his elder brother, Walter, were playing in the roadway near to his home on Washington lane, in Germantown, a quiet suburb of Philadelphia.

When He Was Abducted.

Two men, seated in a buggy drawn by a single horse, drove leisurely along the lane. Ostensibly they were pedlers. They had become acquainted with the youngsters in their journeyings along the road and had on several occasions given them candy. In response to a request for a drive and some more candy, the men in the carriage took the boys in with them and drove rapidly away.

Walter Ross was given a quarter of a dollar and was set down to buy fireworks. When he had made his purchase he looked for the buggy. It was gone.

Charley Ross was never seen again by any member of the family, of which he was the idolized baby.

It was in the summer of 1875 that Gilbert Mosher told Police Superintendent Walling, of New York, that the abductors of Charley Ross were his brother, William Mosher, and Joseph Douglas, both comparatively well-known criminals.

Walling obtained other evidence of the truth of Gilbert Mosher's information and satisfied himself that William Mosher had written the anonymous letters. Then began a hunt for these two men, but before they were run to earth they were killed in the commission of another crime.

Westervelt kept Mosher informed of the police moves to the extent of his power, but the hunt was getting close when Mosher and Douglas were killed on the night of December 13, 1874.

Fate of the Burglars.

The burglars had sailed to Bay Ridge to rob the untenanted house of J. Holmes Van Brunt, but the vacant house was fitted with burglar alarm wires communicating with the house of Judge Van Brunt, near by. J. Holmes Van Brunt, his son and two hired men responded to the alarm. The burglars tried to dash by them firing from revolvers as they ran, but they hit nobody, and the return fire from the Van Brunts mortally wounded Douglas. A moment later Mosher, running away, got a bullet in the back and fell dead.

Douglas was revived with liquor, and when asked who he was, he feeling that death was but a few brief moments away, told his name and that of his companion. When he was told that Mosher was dead he voluntarily declared that he and the other burglar had stolen Ross from Germantown, but he asserted that he did not know where the boy was, as Mosher had taken charge of him and had never told of his hiding place. His last intelligent words were:

"The child will be returned home safe and sound within a few days."

He had spoken freely of himself to the men who watched his dying agonies, and had spelled Mosher's name out letter by letter, adding:

"Mosher is married and lives in the city, but I have no home. I am a single man and have no relatives except a brother and sister."

The last part of the statement was untrue. He had married Mary O'Brien, a dishwasher in Mosher's restaurant, and his wife is now the proprietress of a hotel in Atlantic City, N. J., where she changed her name by marriage some four years ago. His brother is working at his trade of ship caulker in San Francisco.

The bodies of the burglars were taken to the morgue and the widow of Mosher brought John Henry Munn to bury them.

At his undertaking establishment, No. 100 Avenue D, Munn said to a Journal reporter:

"I begged and pleaded with Walling not only to have the woman traied every minute in the day, but I also urged him to arrest her at once, because I believed she knew where the boy was and that she might be frightened into telling. Walling was very angry at the double dealing of Westervelt, and he thought it was best to arrest him and not Mrs. Mosher. Westervelt was a miserable loafer. I had made up my mind that if he wanted to he could have brought about the recovery of the boy even before Mosher and Douglas were killed. I helped Walling to get him down right, and the result was that he was taken over to Philadelphia, put on trial in August, 1875, on the charge of having information concerning the abduction of little Charley Ross, and in a few weeks he was convicted and sentenced to seven years in the Eastern penitentiary.

Found the Body of the Boy.

"Walling became satisfied that Charley Ross died. So did I. So did the Philadelphia detectives who were engaged on the case, and so did Christian K. Ross, the father of the poor, unfortunate boy."

The building at No. 55 Grand street adjoined that on the corner of South Fifth avenue. About 1880 or 1881 there was a cave-in over there and these two buildings were so badly damaged that they were torn down. When the workmen were breaking down the walls in the basement where Mosher and his wife had carried on their restaurant they found in an opening the body of a boy. The different parts were put together and laid out so as to make a complete skeleton, and experts who examined and measured it announced it to be unquestionably that of Charley Ross. The formation of the skull and of different parts of the frame corresponded exactly with what the experts said Charley Ross' bone formation would be like, presuming that he lived for, say, a year after he was abducted.

Charley Ross was born on May 4, 1870. He was alive when Mosher and Douglas met their fate in December, 1875, for he was seen in company with this William Westervelt getting off a Brooklyn car on North Second street, in the Williamsburg section of that city. Douglas had been a car driver in that part of the town.

Not only was he seen getting off that car, bareheaded and crying, but it was proved positively that Westervelt took him into the house where some relatives of the Moshers lived. Old Mr. Ross was so well convinced that the bones found in the basement of No. 55 Grand street were those of Charley that he stopped spending large sums of money in following up the many clews offered him afterward in various parts of the world. And the bones were sent on to Philadelphia. So the mystery is unraveled at last.

Ellworth Mosher, son of Gilbert Mosher, the man who told the police who the abductors were, would not reveal the confidences of his dead father until Charley Ross' father was dead, too. Knowing that the little bones found in the cellar wall were those of the stolen baby boy, it is not hard to deduce the story of his death.

When Mosher and Douglas, the bold spirits of the infamous gang, were gone, the frightened remainder, probably the woman and her brother, were left with the child on their hands. They did not dare restore him, for detection could hardly fail, and they were not bold enough to continue to look for the ransom money. Probably Westervelt, from his connection with the police, felt the blood money would never be paid.

So to save themselves the remnant of the kidnaper gang murdered the baby boy and hid his bones in the cellar, which kept their awful secret well enough to save them from the gallows.

Hood's Pills

Are much in little; always ready, efficient; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, biliousness, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Nature and Art.

The gentle sylvan breeze we love,
Where twigs wave soft and pliable,
But a good electric fan will prove
A great deal more reliable.

The One Exception.

"Yes," said the new arrival, "I am greatly surprised—greatly surprised, indeed. I had expected to find things very different from what they are."

"Why?" exclaimed several of the girls in chorus. "don't the hotel and its surroundings look as they were pictured in the circular you received?"

"They do. That's what surprises me."—Cleveland Leader.

AERONAUT ANDREE.

The Daring Explorer is a Week On His Way.

Stockholm, July 19.—Danes Island, from which S. A. Andree, the Swedish aeronaut, made his start one week ago, lies a few miles to the northwest of the main Spitzenbergen group, perhaps one-third of a degree south of the eightieth parallel latitude. Off to the westward and northwestward, from 350 to 400 miles away, stretch the shores of Greenland. Between 300 and 350 miles to the northeastward is the archipelago of Franz Josef Land. In order to beat Nansen's record Andree needs to go due north from Danes Island about 450 miles. And the pole, which is ostensibly the objective point of the expedition, is fully 700 miles away. If he reaches this destination his shortest route homeward would be that by which he went north, but he is credited with an intention of seeking the shores of Alaska, 1,300 or 1,400 miles distant from the pole, and 2,000 from Spitzenbergen. Experiments at home satisfied Herr Andree that by means of drag ropes he can steer his airship at least 45 degrees away from the course of the wind. A southwesterly or a southeasterly breeze, then, ought to be as helpful to him as one coming directly from the south. But, inasmuch as he is to drift with the air current to which he entrusts himself it is desirable that the velocity as well as the direction shall be in his favor.

The direction and velocity of the winds at Andree's starting point may be fairly inferred from the observations made by Greely's party during the two years it was stationed at Fort Conger. The post is more than a degree farther north than Danes Island, but the difference is too trifling to be regarded. A slightly more important disparity is to be found in the environment of the two sites. Greely was encamped on a broad strait between two continents, whereas the Spitzenbergen group lies out in the open sea. It is not likely, however, that the more level surface traveled by the wind would give Andree an advantage of more than 5 per cent, if it gave him any.

The published tables of wind direction and velocity, based on hourly observations at Fort Conger for 1882 and 1883, show that in summer the breeze is light and variable. It seldom blows more than four or five miles an hour. At this season the tables indicate a slight preponderance of southerly, southeasterly and southwesterly winds, an indication which has not been fully borne out by Herr Andree's recent experience. But for his purposes, even the southerly winds do not count until they show exceptional force. What he wants is a strong, well-sustained blow, that will enable him to make a 700-mile run without stopping.

On May 3, 1882, at Fort Conger, there was a wind from the right quarter with a force ranging from eight to nineteen miles an hour for eleven consecutive hours. This was equivalent to a trip of 140 or 150 miles. On May 13 there was

ANDREE, THE EXPLORER.

a six-hour blow with an average velocity of fifteen miles. Then the wind went around to the east, and stayed there for eight hours, blowing briskly. At the end of that period something like a calm set in. From 9 p. m., May 27, to 6 o'clock next morning (ten hours), the direction of the wind was either southerly, southeasterly or southwesterly, and its force varied from five to fourteen miles an hour. In June, July and August there were half a dozen more such short-lived runs, not one of which would have sufficed to carry a balloon more than 100 or 200 miles from the starting point. Besides, there were a few still better ones.

On Aug. 2 there was a wind from a quarter that would have been favorable to Andree for 22 consecutive hours, and a mean velocity of 13 miles an hour (a run of 300 miles); on July 7 and 8 there were 30 hours of southerly wind, with a mean force of 11 miles an hour (330); on July 15 and 16 there was registered an almost continuous run of 33 hours, with a mean velocity of 10 miles (330); on July 27 and 28, a 28-hour run of 18 miles an hour (404); on June 20, 21 and 22, a 50-hour run with an average speed of only 8 miles (400); on Aug. 13 and 14, a 40-hour run with an average speed of 11 miles (440); on Aug. 19 and 20, an almost unbroken run of 30 hours at 13½ miles (527), and on June 27, 28 and 29 there were 50 consecutive hours of southerly, southeasterly and southwesterly winds, with a mean velocity of 13½ (675).

During the following season there were only two conspicuously favorable blows. On May 31 and June 1, for 38 hours, the velocity ranged from 10 to 33 miles, the mean being about 16 miles, and the total run amounting to over 600 miles. On June 6, 7 and 8, that year, the velocity varied from 9 to 26 miles, with a mean of 18, for 20 consecutive hours. This is equivalent to a run of 522 miles.

But it does not follow that a balloon would sail straight northward 500 or 600 miles because a southerly wind registered that distance on a recording instrument at one place. After getting 200 or 400 miles north of the starting point, the direction and force may both change. It is impossible, in the present state of knowledge, to say how far north of Fort Conger or Spitzbergen the conditions extend which are found at those places. From what is known of the cyclonic systems of middle latitudes, it would be safe to expect a marked alteration in the course, if not of the velocity.

Then, too, it is impossible to say whether a good southerly wind, once established at an isolated spote like Danes Island, will last only 8 hours or 50. The chances are about four to one that he will make a false start. Or, if Herr Andree fears that the wind may not hold out, he may lose four or five hours of good blow from excess of caution. It might be supposed that the barometer would serve as a guide in this matter, but the facts do not encourage such a belief. If the pressure readings for the foregoing dates be carefully examined, the following results will be shown: In connection with the 400-mile blow of July 27 and 28, 1882, there was a marked fall in the barometer. The lowest reading of the summer—29.22—occurred on the 28th, but the barometer remained steady, with the normal pressure, before and during the 675-mile run of June 28 and 29, that year, while during the 400-mile run of the week previous the pressure rose a little. So Herr Andree is practically all at sea when he attempts to settle, on the strength of recorded experience, the day for starting on his journey through the air.

BACHELORISMS.

The worst cynic in the world is defenseless against the love of a little child.

When a lot of women argue the one is always considered the winner that can talk the fastest.

No man can put his hand on his heart and say he loves his wife when he is breaking in a pair of new shoes.

As soon as a girl gets a fussy white dress on and a fan she thinks a man ought rather to look at her than smoke a corncob pipe.

An optimist is a man who goes around all the time with an idiotic smile imitating that other men have something wrong with their lives.

SPANISH TAUGHT BY MAIL by a Native Spaniard who knows how. Also Shorthand, Bookkeeping, etc. Particulars free. Address W. G. CHAFFEE, Geneva, N. Y.

MORMONS CELEBRATE.

The Semi-Centennial of Their Entrance Into Utah.

Salt Lake City, July 19.—The capital and metropolis of the youngest of the states is fast getting into holiday garb today in honor of the celebration of the semi-centennial, or 50th anniversary, of the entrance of the pioneer settlers into the territory. The anniversary proper falls on Saturday, but the jubilee exercises will be inaugurated to-morrow and

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

continue in one form and another until the stroke of midnight announces the arrival of the Sabbath.

The city is filling up with visitors, not only from every county in the new state and adjacent commonwealth of Idaho, but the East, Middle West and South. The semi-centennial commission created by the legislature has been engaged for months upon preparations for the event, and neither time nor expense has been spared to render the occasion a memorable one. The expenditure of the commission alone will exceed $100,000, and twice as much more will be spent by patriotic citizens for decorations, attractions, entertainment of guests and in other ways.

Up to a few days ago it had been hoped that President McKinley would, by his presence, give a national character to the jubilee, but the necessity for his remaining in Washington until the adjournment of Congress compelled him, much against his personal wishes, to decline the invitation which was formally extended to him by a delegation from this city. The features of the celebration to-morrow are the unveiling of the

... THE COZY CORNER ...

THE OLD FLAG.

Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
And let the heart have its say;
You're man enough for a tear in your eye
That you will not wipe away.

You're man enough for a thrill that goes
To your very finger-tips—
Ay! the lump just then in your throat that rose
Spoke more than your parted lips.

Lift up the boy on your shoulder, high,
And show him the faded shred—
Those stripes would be red as the sunset sky
If Death could have dyed them red.

The man that bore it with Death has lain
These twenty years and more;
He died that the work should not be vain
Of the men who bore it before.

The man that bears it is bent and old,
And ragged his beard and gray,
But look at his eye fire young and bold,
At the tune that he hears them play.

The old tune thunders through all the air,
And strikes right in to the heart;
If ever it calls for you, boy, be there!
Be there, and ready to start.

Off with you hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head!
Teach him to hold it holy and high,
For the sake of its sacred dead.
—H. C. Bunner.

After the Fourth of July there comes a rest from holidays, excepting the private anniversaries that we may keep, until St. John's day—June 24. This day is still observed by many people as a fast day, notably by the Masonic Fraternity, the world over.

Mid-summer Eve, July 5th, was formerly celebrated by the French settlers in this country, after the ancient customs of Brittany, with bonfires, secret spells, stolen vigils, etc., but of late years the purely American carnival of noisy patriotism has taken the place of all else, and instead of stealing away from her companions and sowing hempseed at mid-night, repeating nine times this mystic shyme:

"Hempseed, I sow thee; hempseed, I sow thee,
And he that must be my true love
Come after me and mow thee"—

fully expecting to see the shadowy form of her favorite swain following her with a sickle in his hand—the girl of 1897 attires herself in her best gown and accompanies the favorite swain—or any other swain who may invite her—to a picnic, an excursion by land, or by water, and enjoys the present time, trusting the future to take care of itself.

The making of the houses gay in remembrance of St. John, the Baptist, was as we read in old chronicles, an almost universal practice in England, far into the seventeenth century. "Every man's door was shadowed by green birch, fennel, St. Johnswort, orpine, white lillies, and such like and garnished up with garlands of flowers." While the country over:

Bonfires great with loftie flame
In everie toune doth burn,
And young men round about with maids.
Do daunce in everie street
With garlands wrought of motherwort,
Or else with vervein sweet.

These flowers and garlands are cast into the bonfires with devout prayers that all their ills be there consumed, and that through all that year they

"From ague may be free."

The familiar herb, St. Johns-wort, which opens its flowers about the 20th of June, has always been especially dedicated to the Saint, and supposed, on that account, to possess wonderful healing properties. The Scotch wore it to avert the evil eye, and as a preventative against lightning and hydrophobia. If gathered on St. John's eve and hung in the doorway, it was firmly believed that no evil spirit could enter therein.

If any of The Blade young folks wish to try this magic of "ye olden tyme," they can search for a four-leaved clover, which, if found on St. John's eve, is said to have the power of making them invisible at will, or the mugwort, "a near relative of wormwood, which, if the leaves are placed in a traveler's shoes will take away all sense of fatigue so that "he may feel no weariness at all, or ever be hurt by some poysonsome medicine, by any wild beast, neither yet by the sun itself."

The nineteenth century girl is not to be deterred by trifles from having her tour abroad, even though money is not plenty with her. If she cannot afford the trip on a passenger steamer, she will go on a cattle ship for one-half the money. On this boat she has the benefit of a longer ocean voyage, having twelve days instead of eight, and the accommodations are quite as good, the cattle being far less unpleasant companions than some she might meet on a passenger boat. The passenger list of a cattle ship that sailed last week from New York, a ship with room for thirty saloon passengers, showed only five men's names, the others nearly all having the prefix "Miss" before them. On the previous sailing date of the same line, there were only four male passengers registered, while the bachelor maids were numerous, and the proportion of bicycles taken along was eleven to twenty-one. Most of these passengers were teachers, lecturers, or students in some branch of art or literature.

On another ship there were sixty-three passengers, and only four men on the register." I have eaten a hearty breakfast in order to fortify myself against the avalanche of questions I shall have to answer to-day," said the captain. "The majority of our passengers are always women, but never quite such a majority as this."

Those who have wheels, can save much in the way of car fare after reaching land, and by taking meals and lunches at the farm houses on their route, can bring their expenses down to a very small sum. One party of four New England girls have gone this year, expecting to spend fifteen months in visiting every place of interest in England and Scotland, and their total expense of the trip (based upon the figures of a party who have already taken it) will be but $350.

For such of us as are obliged to remain at home the following from our Country Cousin may help to show us how to find some comfort every day:

Do we, any of us, especially while young, realize the true value of little things? And do we not in our desire to accomplish something great too often neglect the little doings of every-day life. We think the little we can do will do no good, but Miss Bouton, in her writing, said something like this: "Noble things need not necessarily be great things, which the world sees and praises you for."

A good deed done, a kind word spoken, may spring good thoughts in the minds of our associates and finally be the beginning of a great reformation.

It is a little thing to speak a kind word to somebody who will be made happier by hearing it.

It is a little thing to give a smile to some poor child whose burden is too heavy for its tender heart, yet these precious little things will help to make the great things of our lives, and make ourselves and those around us much happier.

A little bit of patience often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love makes a very happy home;
A little bit of hope makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity makes glad a weary way."

R. Keleh, who signs herself as a "sister for women's rights and nobody's wrongs," sends an answer to Dr. E. T. Judd's letter which appeared in the Cozy Corner recently. Though the communication is quite lengthy, it is given in full, as the author seems very much in earnest:

In reply to the Western woman—Dr. E. T. Judd—I will say that it is not necessary to look at this suffrage question from a "physician's standpoint" in order to get the correct view.

You may take your dissecting knife and amputate every good and noble deed that woman has performed for the public or in the home, you may use your opiates to stupify the intellect of persons who are already willingly ignorant on this subject, you please them, and console yourself with the belief that you have accomplished something. But when we view this subject from the standpoint that our Creator has given us, and study it with a desire to serve and please Him, cast to the four winds your darkened, prejudiced ideas, unite and work harmoniously for the good of humanity, then the scales will fall from your eyes and you can plainly see that God created us equal, commanded us to go forth, be fruitful, replenish the earth and subdue it.

It is evident God intended us—man and woman—to work together, for he calls us one. And until we do, there is no perfection in the work of any. I do not advocate woman's suffrage, simply for the privilege of casting a ballot at the polls, for it does seem there is little honor in it in the present condition of affairs.

Neither do I believe that vice and wickedness would be so suddenly removed, that the millennium would come at once, but I do believe that it would be more to God's plan and in doing His will great good would surely be accomplished.

The home, we know, is the pivot on which the earth turns. There is the foundation of all citizenship, and the wife and mother bears the great responsibility of the results that issue from the home. The mother burdened with such great care, and many with such small space to wield her influence.

The devoted mother will toil all day for the children she so dearly loves, and, worn and weary, she gathers her little ones around her, talks or reads to them, and all Christian mothers will teach them to pray. She gives them all the instruction she is capable. Her plain life is uneventful, a routine of household duties from day to day, yet constantly watching and training the children, feeling the burden of their proper development. The boys reach an age when they are surrounded by an atmosphere different from that of the mother's influence. If, in a home where the father has a narrow opinion of woman's work, is addicted to the vile tobacco habit, and so depraved as to use profane language, how can the mother hope to keep the little son from all these evils, without the help of the father? And if they are not of the same opinion, and do not believe in equal rights, how is the work in the home to accomplish that which it should? The father's neglect and indifference in the home will have its effect.

I have long since been convinced that, when woman will endeavor to keep down her own sex, she is greatly in need of an education, higher and better than that already attained. A profession or a title of honor does not give the knowledge or wisdom that will be most beneficial to the uplifting of humanity. The idea that woman's only sphere is in household drudgery, with no voice or no ballot in the common welfare of all, is a relic of heathenism.

I once read of a heathen king, who had the women imprisoned. He told a missionary, who visited him and inquired about the women that he had great trouble with them; when shut in, they became unruly; if let go, he did not know what they would do. I am sorry to know that even now, in this advanced age, some who sought to be broader minded cling to a similar idea.

With all this opposition, I thank our Creator for wise and noble men who do not have to be "persuaded or driven" to give women the right or privilege to vote and help make the laws by which they are governed, but they have a vision clear and far seeing enough to know it is right, and they will bring it to pass. So do not worry.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go 'round the other way."

Will some one please give directions for making mattresses? Also some pretty way to put up lace curtains without shirring them on the poles?—C. E. L.

The "scales" on the United States seal are intended to represent justice, the "key," security, and the "rule," exactness. This is for the instruction of "Several School Boys."

Truth Seeker is informed that Andrew Carnegie is a Scotchman by birth, but came to this country in 1848, when he was but 11 years old.

Girlie, the colors of West Point are grey and black. If you have a friend, or "cousin," at that place, who can send you a genuine "cadet button," to wear among your other trophies of love, or flirtation, you will be envied by the less fortunate girls, so I am told.

The colors of Vassar College are rose and grey; Yale, blue, and Amherst purple and white.

Mrs J. S. B. asks "what is Queen Victoria's name, anyhow." I suppose she means her family name. The surname of Victoria's husband was Wettin, so, if she were a private individual she would be called Mrs. Wettin, which would not be nearly so impressive as "Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India."

Despair complains that she can not keep her hair in curl during the warm weather, and that, as she "looks like a fright without frizzes," she would like a suggestion that would help her, from the Cozy Corner.

If she will take 1 tablespoonful of bruised quince seed and boil gently in 1 pint of rainwater till reduced to ½ pint, strain through cheese-cloth and add 2 tablespoonfuls of alcohol and cologne, and moisten her hair with the solution before doing it up on curl-papers, she need no longer "despair."

Or, 3 ozs. of finely powdered gum-arabic, dissolved in ½ pint of rose water, with the addition of ½ teaspoonful of powdered alumn, will answer nearly as well

Always hold fast to love. We win by tenderness, and conquer by forgiveness.—F. W. Robertson.

THE BLADE COOK.

A flame in her glassy eye, a broom is in her hand; aloft she lifts a sudden cry that sounds like a new brass band. Her dress is reefed about her knees, as through the house she cuts a path, and in her every stranger sees a being of majestic wrath. Stepladders scale and papered heights, and tubs of water flood the floor; her voice is heard from morn to night, rising above the awful roar. Fly from her presence, dog and cat; fly from her presence, man and mouse; it is the vernal frenzy that possesses her—she's cleaning house.

The "odd job" man handed the above to the Cook, remarking that he wasn't afraid to do so because she never cleaned house, so would not be apt to take it as a personal attack. He afterwards endeavored to soothe the Cook by explaining that he meant to say that her house never needed cleaning, it was always clean, etc. He is forgiven this time, but it would be well for him in the future, to make his apology first.

During the 'heated term,' as 'milady' is particular to call the red-hot days in July and August, it seems as if we could do very well without anything to eat, provided we could have enough of cooling drinks, but I find that the family are, as a general thing, ready for three meals a day, and that they went something substantial.

One of the breakfast dishes that never fails to tempt their dainty appetites, I find to be:

Fried Chicken.

Cut the chicken into pieces as for a fricasee, sprinkle each piece with salt and pepper, dip them into beaten egg and roll them in fine bread crumbs. Fry them in half butter and half lard, letting them cook slowly till they are done, and browned on all sides. When all pieces are done, remove to a platter where they will keep hot. Into the butter in which it was fried, stir one tablespoonful of flour and when it is smooth, add one cupful of rich milk; stir constantly till it boils and then pour around the chicken and serve hot.

Another delicious method of preparing chicken is called

Braised Chicken.

Wash the chicken well in cold water and wipe dry with a soft cloth. Cut it through the back and then divide each half into two or three pieces according to the size of the fowl. Put into a baking dish 1 tablespoonful of butter, 2 small carrots and 1 small onion chopped fine. Put the dish on the fire till the vegetables are lightly browned, then put in the prepared chicken, add a couple of bay leaves and pour over the whole 1½ cupfuls of stock. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour or until the chicken is done. Just before serving remove the cover and set the dish on the grate of the oven so the chicken will brown quickly and serve in the dish in which it was baked.

Baked Oranges.

Place the oranges in an earthen baking dish, prick the skins in several places and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Have ready a hot syrup of sugar and water and lemon juice to pour over them just before serving.

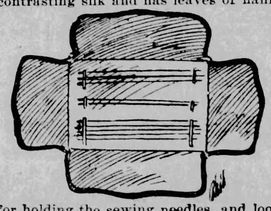
When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears. It's best to have a bit of silence, and out o' that maybe a psalm'll come by and by.

THE BLADE FANCY WORK CLUB.

Nellie Templeton sends the following, which she says is very convenient for

holding crochet, knitting and sewing needles. We give an illustration of the pocket, open and closed.

The outside is of silk embroidered in cross-stitch, and rope stitch of gold thread. The pocket is lined with a contrasting silk and has leaves of flannel



for holding the sewing needles, and loops through which the knitting and crochet needles are passed.

Very pretty imitation of point lace braid trimming may be made from some of the patterns of novelty braid to be found in all art-goods stores, and this makes very desirable trimming for children's wash dresses and for ladies' underwear.

Fine thread should be used for the crochet work and the thread carried in single stitch along the picots on the edge of the braid from one joining to the next. The illustration shows one pattern that is a favorite with every one who has made it, and this pattern can be varied as one pleases.

There is this summer, a revival of the old fashioned macreme work that was so popular years ago. This work is not difficult to do, and is excellent for school or shopping bags, chair covers, or anything requiring strength to resist hard usage.

The cord can be procured in white, ecru or colors and the work is generally finished with ribbons.

Tatting is another work that is again becoming very popular after many years, and shuttles of gold or silver with the owner's monogram engraved on the side, are quite the thing for a gift for my lady whose fingers never look whiter or more graceful than when she is doing this dainty work.

Insertion and borders for table linen, edging for handkerchiefs and lingerie and especially trimming for infant's wardrobes are made of tatting.

Unfortunately this work cannot be taught by means of illustrations, or text, in a paper. One must see it done in order to learn it.

"THOUGH THE WORLD BLAME THEE."

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Though the world blame thee, thou art not to blame;
Though the world praise thee, hearken not at all,
In thine own heart is the reward or shame,
In thine own heart the victory or the fall.

What others think of thee stay not to ask—
Rather than please the many, serve the few;
Knowing that life's most glorious regal task
Is never quite too hard for thee to do.
—Academy.

Mrs. Deland, whose new book, "The Wisdom of Fools," is attracting as much attention as her famous first book, "John Ward, Preacher," was led to begin her literary career in a singular way. She happened to be walking one morning with a friend who presently went into a store to make some purchases, and, while waiting, Mrs. Deland idly scribbled some verses on a sheet of brown paper that lay on the counter. Her friend, a woman well-known in Boston society and a person of cultivated literary tastes, glanced at the verses, then seized them with an exclamation of delight. They were the lines of the dainty little poem afterward published in Harper's under the title "The Succory." The editor, in accepting the poem, wrote a most encouraging letter to Mrs. Deland, who thereafter continued to write poetry until she turned her attention to prose with a success even more marked. Her first published volume was poetry and the first edition was exhausted in two weeks. Her first novel met the remarkable experience of having the entire edition of 1,000 copies sold during the first week.

WHITHER AWAY?

A PERTINENT QUESTION TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

School Days Are Over and the World Lies Before Them in Which to Make a Future.

"Whither away? What road, my friend?
It has full many a turn;
The flight of the eagle is without end,
But the wood-thrush seeks the burn.

Over the sea the white sails fly,
The herons they wander far,
The song lark soars in the azure sky,
And the petrels cross the bar.

Whither away? What road, my friend?
The rover is full of fire,
But the peaceful vale where the willows bend
Is the nightingale's desire."

During the last few weeks thousands of young people have ended their school days and, with happy hearts, gone forth into the world which seems so full of beauty, of mystery, and of joy. Even where they are to step at once into the arena of effort, and unaided, they are for the most part so full of energy, of hope and of confidence in their own powers, that there seems no chance for failure. Life ships, freighted full of treasures, may have gone down before them during these years of school life, but they have not paused to ask why, or even to fancy that possibly in some future, far or near, their own may sink out of sight in the same untoward way.

Gazing into the eager young faces, one can not help asking, whither away? What road, my friend, are you choosing, believing that it will bring you to the haven of your desires? How have you equipped yourself for the journey, how prepared to meet the difficulties that seem so far away as not needing to be considered? But they are there—you will find them, smooth and beautiful as the road that stretches away before you seems to be.

A misfortune, indeed, it would be to you, my friend, if the sky should always remain blue and serene, and the flowers bloom continuously in your pathway. It is what you struggle with and overcome that will make your measure as man or woman It is the effort that is required to unfold the possibilities which slumber within each one of you that will determine the real growth in your character, and define the value of your winnings. You do not think so now; perhaps you will never recognize the truth that the real strength of manhood and womanhood is gained through the discipline of pain and of disappointment.

Whither away? Is yours to be the flight of the eagle, or of the wood thrush which seeks the burn? In either case remember that your aim must be the development of the higher, finer forces of life, those which will enable you to do real service to the world around you. For you can not live to yourself alone, and live true to the ideal which, in your heart, possesses you now. It will fade away from you unless you make your purposes and your effort accord with it in all that you do. You may never really reach it, even then, "The flight of the eagle has no end," and into the sweet solitude of the burn the tumult of the distant city may penetrate and destroy your peace, but you will have grown stronger and braver to try to reach the still more distant ideal which will be sure to rise and beckon you onward.

I can make no better wish for you who are standing thus under youth's sunny skies, than that you may have just those trials, those difficulties, those disappointments that will serve to bring to you the highest development. What you shall do, and be, lies in yourselves to decide, and then to accomplish. No easy task will be yours if you do your duty, for

"Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls,"

and it is well for us all that this is so.

Yet life holds much that is beautiful which you may grasp in passing, if you will. To seize that which is real and abiding, however, it is necessary to gain that spiritual control of conditions which comes from right living. And I do not mean by this a mere obedience or observance of what we have termed moral laws, but the dwelling in the fellowship of love and kindness to all that lives. It is the holding in perpetual bond of gentle thoughts; it is the laying hold with resolve upon the higher state of doing everywhere and always the best you know at the moment. In this state life will unfold constantly to your view that which is beautiful, and better still, that which is True in its best sense.

Remember this—and it is of vital importance in these moments of choice that are yours—that your thoughts are the instruments with which you can work best. You can make them create your future. Every thing which has ever been done, has been first worked out in the thought world. It is possible for you to reach all desirable conditions through their shaping on your own mental plane from which they will become manifest. But this thought must be calm and concentrated, free from worry and anxious questioning in order to possess potency. Fret and depression are paralyzing forces both on the inner and the outer planes. In the World Beautiful it is put in this way:

"To hold one's self in readiness for opportunity, to keep the serene, confident, hopeful and joyful energy of mind, is to magnetize it, and draw privileges and power toward one. The concern is not as to whether opportunity will present itself, but as to whether one will be ready for the opportunity. It comes not to doubt, and denial, and disbelief. It comes to sunny expectation, eager purposes, and to noble and generous aspiration."

Form the habit now, whatever the road you may enter, of thinking aright of thinking to a purpose, and so you will create new conditions in your life in accordance with your thought. The years full of possibilities, stretch out before you. Day by day you will create your chances for the morrow. "The thing one longs for, one can achieve." Yet make no mistake in believing that what is achieved wholly for self will bring happiness. It will give you only a feeling of weariness and disappointment after the first sense of satisfaction has passed..

Pitch your tent in the field of tender, loving service to your fellows. "Wing your flight toward the skies." The one effort is identical with the other, for the one condition includes the other. In such service lies your power to reach the consciousness of the heaven that is within you, the heaven that is about you, for in reality it is everywhere.

And never give up! Never yield to doubt and despair. There will be always those by your side who look to you for help and encouragement. And all around are they who are pushing, hopefully or fearfully, onward.

"Over the sea the white sails fly,
The herons they wander far,
The song lark soars in the azure sky,
And the petrels cross the bar."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE MERRY GO ROUNDS

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN
IN ALL THE WAYS YOU CAN
TO ALL THE PEOPLE YOU CAN
OBJECT: IMPROVEMENT, MENTAL, MORAL AND SOCIAL.

Miss Prudence received a paper the other day with a marked notice of a wedding that occurred during the month of June roses. You will all be interested to know that the groom was "a very popular young man," and that the bride had been "a successful teacher; that she wore at her wedding (this is of especial interest to the girls) a dress of cream silk with trimmings of lace and pearl passementerie and carried brides' roses."

This is good, as far as it goes, but we, of the M. G. R., know even more than this—we know that she has been one of the most popular of our girls, that she can do almost anything that has to be done in the home or on the farm; that she isn't afraid to go out with a gun in the night after supposed, or real, chicken thieves, and we know, too, that we all wish her every happiness in her new life, and hope she may some time have leisure to write to the M. G. R., for this happy bride is our own New England Girl.

Congratulations will be received for the bridegroom from all, especially from Jack Stubbs and Vivian, who have so pointedly expressed their admiration for the bride, though, indeed, we all have, we could not help it.

The Schoolmistress of the Wonder Column was so pleased to hear of the happiness of one who has been a favorite pupil in the 'Cademy, that she has given the school a holiday this week, from the usual lessons, and devoted the times especially to what might be called a symposium of good wishes for the bride.

Who next?

A maiden from Kansas asks for admission to-day and asks a question that will interest many of our young people. We all wish for "Elouise" success in her chosen vocation. If she teaches as well as she writes, she will certainly do well.

Here comes another to join the ranks of the schoolmarms. I am going to try my first term this winter.

Vivian, I think your sister must be proud of you. My ideal young man is one who is kind to his sister.

If a young man is engaged to a girl and they live some distance apart, is it wrong for him to take some one else once in a while, providing he gives her the same privilege? I know of a couple where the young man took another young lady, but when the girl wanted to go with some one else it was a different story altogether.

L'Etoile Du Nord, who has remained away from the M. G. R. so long that Miss Prudence feared that she was one of the wandering stars, looked in this morning just long enough to express her opinion (and her husband's) on a certain question:

I wish to say that I think necessity is the greater incentive to action. It might have been "curiosity" that led Columbus, Nansen and others to voyages of exploration, but it is dull necessity that keeps so many, many of us toiling on year after year.

I am a woman and in almost 30 years of life, I cannot remember a single day when I worked all day out of mere curiosity. And the necessity of preparing food and clean clothes for the children keeps me daily busy.

My husband says: "Tell them that I sawed and split wood all winter and it wasn't to satisfy curiosity, either."

Green Mountain Boy has evidently given his attention on Memorial day to something besides an oration on the noble qualities of the soldiers who fought, bled and died for liberty, if we may judge by his letter.

As there are but two representatives of the Green Mountain state among the M. G. R.'s I think I may be excused for writing often.

On Memorial day I had the pleasure of meeting our "Household Pet," and if all of the M. G. R. girls are as pleasant as she is, I think we have reason to be proud of them. I may say, too, that the girls of the Green Mountain state are not all plain looking. I learned that in my interview with the "Household Pet."

I think that Bonnie Burnie has the right idea of woman's mission and that the world would be better if there were more who thought a little more of housework.

Laska has finally summoned courage sufficient to take her past the "waste basket," and has a good word to say to several of the members of the M. G. R.:

I have long been an interested reader of the M. G. R. circle, and have been very much benefited thereby, but have never had the courage to advance farther than the door for fear of that dread obstacle, the waste basket.

New England Girl, I greatly enjoyed your experience in bread making. Jack Stubbs, I think the manner in which we do our work has as much weight as the amount we get done, and if your intention was good (which I am sure it was), you certainly accomplished something on Easter Sunday.

Bonnie Burnie, come often. I enjoy your letters very much.

My profession is school teaching and although I am young in the work I have gained an experimental knowledge which could be gained in no other way.

How many of the M. G. R.'s have read "Ships That Pass in the Night" by Beatrice Harridan? I like her works very much, only I think she looks on the dark side of life too much.

I see some of the circle are getting wearied with my long stay, so I will close with good wishes to all.

Pansy is another M. G. R. girl who has been a long time absent. Miss Prudence is very glad to welcome her, and all others of her girls and boys as often as they come with something of interest to the others, even without the "bouquet of peonies and roses," for herself, though, of course, she would enjoy those;

I have been absent from the circle for so long that I am almost ashamed to enter now. But I know Miss Prudence will welcome me if I bring her a big bouquet of peonies and roses.

Bonnie Burnie, I can sympathize with you for I have been "chief cook and bottle washer" for over a year now. I like to keep house and am trying to do my best.

Willa, I, too, used to belong to a little society of four girls, which we called the J. G. Club. Of course, we need to have nice times at school. I am sure Hazel Thornton remembers it, as she was one of the four.

How many of the M. G. R.'s besides myself are fond of drawing?

Such a time as we are having with our bees now! They swarmed three times yesterday, and it keeps me busy watching them. They always seem to choose our dinner hour for their swarming time. If this letter doesn't find its way to that dreadful basket of Miss Prudence's I shall not wait so long next time before writing. With a friendly handshake all around the circle, I'll just slip out the way I came.

Still another welcome visitor is Heliotrope:

Dear M. G. R.'s:—It has been some time since I have had the pleasure of becoming a member of your happy band. Let's shake hands all around and I shall feel at home.

I see a great improvement in the M. G. R.'s in the last year, and I am very glad that it is so. There are many things which a society like ours can do in this present time. The young people of our time can accomplish many grand deeds for the uplifting of suffering humanity. I don't think we could find a better motto than ours, and I hope to be true to it. I think it expresses all that is noble.

I haven't written half I would like to say, but I will not impose on Miss Prudence's time and patience longer.

This is Sissy McNaughton's opinion on the subject introduced by Lectern:

I believe that necessity is a greater incentive to action than curiosity, because a great many people become active from necessity rather than curiosity. If people had to work just through curiosity's sake, do you think we would have many great workers? I think not.

We are very glad to hear from so many of the older members, older in order of membership that is, and hope that more of our wanderers will find time to visit us.

Miss Prudence is mentioning no names, but she seems to remember several of her girls who have promised her that they would "come again" and she is hoping they will come soon, for next to a personal visit with them, she most of anything enjoys reading their letters.

Since the last meeting of the M. G. R.'s the Chaperone has received several invitations to visit some of the girls who help to make this column so interesting, and she wishes now to return thanks for them and wishes, O, so much, that she could accept these kindly invitations and enjoy the fruit, and flowers, and pleasures promised in them, and, best of all, visit face to face with those with whom she feels so well acquainted through their correspondence in the Blade, but this pleasure cannot be hers at present.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT IS IT?

There was a xxxxxxx down in the Old xxx xxxxx on the tenth of last month when our x-x-xxxx deliberately took upon herself the vows of xxxxxxxxx without so much as saying "by your leave" to the xxxxxx-xxxxxxxx or to xxxx xxxxxxxx either. Though they were not invited to the xxxxxxx, these two ladies, and xxxx x' xxxx of the xxxxxxxx, decided to send tokens of their regard this week, through the Column. xxxx-xxxxxx sends some of his favorite "Pi." xxxxx sends rice, for good luck. xxxx-xxxx sent "Fruit Confection." xxxxxx x' xxxxxxxxxxx sends a "wedding bell, wid an apology for the shape uv it." xxxx-xxxxxxxx sends some good advice quoted from a standard poet, while the production is contributed with the best wishes of

XXX XXXXXX-XXXXXXXX.

2.—A FRUIT CONFECTION.

Take one-fifth of a peach; one fifth of an apple; one-fourth of a pear; one-fourth of a plum; one-seventh of an apricot; one-fifth of a lemon; one-sixth of an orange; one-tenth of a strawberry and one-ninth of a raspberry. Combine skill-fully and produce what every member of O. W. C. wishes for the lady who is the Column's "guest of honor" this week.

XXXX-XXXXX.

3.—A SHOWER OF RICE.

Greediness; a whimsical fancy; a fabulous serpent; a large vase, reward; a short space of time; an Ohio statesman.

XXXXX.

(Example: A girl's name—Cla-rice.—Ed.)

4.—A WEDDING BELL.

X X
X X
X X X X
X X X X
X X X X X
X X X X X X

1-2.—The force that moves the world.
3.—The "anchor of the soul."
4.—The dearest spot on earth."
5.—Tranquility.
6.—Abundance.

XXXXXXX-X-XXXXXXXXXX.

5.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Wot louss whi tub a slegin thughot
Tow ratshe tath teba se noo."

XXXX-XXXXXX.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift' arrives as tardy as 'too slow.'"

XXXX-XXXXXXXX.

Answers to Puzzles of June 17.

1.—Napoleon Bonaparte.
2.—Words forming a half-square: Naught, agree, urge, gee, he, T.
3.—Length of division, 221 miles.
4.—Dray yard, ray, day.
Daniel Webster.
The farmers are the founders of civilization."
Answer to Query of June 3, sent by Bonnie Burnie:
A great plague visited London in 1665 in the form of a terrible disease. Previous to 1665 a few cases were known, but the winter of 1664 had seemed to kill the disease, in the following May, however, it revived, and in June it broke into terrible activity. Those who were able left the city, but on those who had to stay the pestilence fell with fearful fury. During July, August and September the horrors told of it surpassed belief.

The deliverance came in December, and the people came back once more. The plague never returned, as the great London fire soon followed, which swept over the tainted ground. The city was rebuilt with wider streets and better buildings, and is now considered one of the healthiest cities considering its great population, in the world.

Chat.

Puzzles received from W. P. E., E. J. R., B. Van Norman, and J. S.

Correct answers received from W. P. E., E. J. R., Geo. G. Sidle, W. S. L., H. Eby, N. Holt, and Iowa Girl.

W. P. E., N. Holt, W. S. L., M. C. B. Van Norman, and "20 readers" of the Blade have signified their desire to have the Wonder Column every week. Let us hear from others.

The Schoolmistress thanks B. Van Norman for sending the "souvenir" postal card. It is quite a curiosity, and will be kept as such.

The especial attention of the Puzzlers is called to this number of the Column, as it is dedicated to one of their number who has always added very much to its interest. The Schoolmistress hopes that the new duties and pleasures will not prevent this good puzzler from sometimes visiting us.

... OUR YOUNG FOLKS ...

THE LITTLE WHITE SHIP.

A tiny white ship goes a sailing to-night,
It is bound for Slumberland sweet,
And then with the Sandman to stand at the wheel,
Was ever a ship more complete!

The hull is all made of spindles, dear heart;
The keel—well, it's just like a selve;
In the hold lies a mattress, and snug in the bow
Is a pillow as sure as you live.

What will answer for sails do you think?
Just a little white blanket, a tiny pink spread;
And the Sandman so handy—when he runs the ship
There can surely be nothing to dread!

So kiss me goodnight and good-bye, precious one,
The pilot's impatient to start,
You are clad for the journey in snowy spotless white,
"Now I lay me," we'll say ere we part.

The ship with its one little passenger sails
Quite softly to Dreamland, so fleet;
Sandman at the tiller—an angel watch
O'er the ship as it rocks him to sleep.
—Minnie A. Adams in "Child Garden."

JACK HOLLISTER'S "HORSE HEAVEN."

The horses were resting under the chestnut trees in the corner of the lot; some lying down, others standing with heads drooped low in lazy enjoyment of the golden June afternoon. All were quiet except for the busy swishing of their tails and the occasional stamp of a foot to shake off a troublesome fly; but even the flies seemed sleepy to-day, and that was a blessing to poor gray Billy, who had once been a horse of rank and fashion and had no tail worthy of the name.

They were not a pretty lot of horses. Many of them were old, and all save one were thin, with ragged, scarred coats and tired eyes. Two were lame and one was blind. In short, to be Irish, the only whole horse among them was a pony, a shaggy, mouse-colored pony, whose fat, comfortable sides bore witness to kind treatment and a well-filled manger.

"What delicious clover!" sniffed a raw-boned brown mare whose right fore leg was so lame she could scarcely stand upon it; "I haven't tasted any since I was a colt, until to-day."

"Nor I," said the blind horse. He could hardly remember how the grass looked, he had been blind so long, but he knew the fresh, sweet smell and the crisp, juicy feeling in his mouth. "I believe I had forgotten how good it is."

and he stooped for another nibble. "I used to eat it with my mother years ago, but I've seen the time since then when I have been thankful if I had straw bedding to eat at night."

There was a sort of assent from the other horses, and the little pony felt almost ashamed of his good fortune as he said:

"Why, I have never been hungry in my life."

"What, never hungry?" All the horses turned and looked at him, and the pony hastened to say in explanation:

"But I belonged to little Jack Hollister. There are very few children or grown people either who love horses as he did."

"Some children are very cruel," said the horse with the bobbed tail. "I remember one who sat behind me in a dog cart once, and beat me almost as hard as a grown man could, and his father looked on laughing, and said, 'By George, how strong the little chap is!'"

"Jack never whipped me in his life," said the pony, looking off through the trees toward the gray stone house where little Jack had lived and died.

"How did it happen we all came here, any way?" asked the gray horse, breaking the silence. "Did he have anything to do with it?"

"I should think he did—everything," responded the pony with an emphatic swing of his tail.

"Tell us about it," said several of the horses at once.

The pony did not answer directly; he was still looking across the meadows toward the house, thinking of his little master; for the minute even his tail was still. Then seeing that all the horses had turned their heads in his direction he began:

"From the time Jack was a little baby I used to carry him around, sometimes on my back, sometimes in the little cart behind me. At first his mamma or the nurse went with him in the cart; after a while they would let him hold the reins a bit; and finally, when he was six years old, I think, they would let him drive around the grounds alone. Of course," added the pony with dignity, "I was always very careful, and I never wore blinders, so I could always look where I was going, and was not nervous like some horses that wear them.

"Jack spent most of his life here, but his mother used to go to the city for a few months in the winter, and of course, he went with her. At first they didn't take me, but when Jack was eight his mother thought he might go out with me in the park, so that winter I went too. One day, I will never forget it, we were passing a car-track, and right in front of us one of the horses stumbled and fell. The car was going fast, and perhaps the driver couldn't help it, but the car struck the horse and seemed to go right over his hind legs. They managed to get the poor animal up after a time. His legs were evidently not broken, although they were cut and bleeding, and he trembled so he could hardly stand; but the driver gave him a sharp cut with the whip, and made him go on again.

"At that Jack almost stood up in the cart, and he cried out to the driver, 'How dare you make that horse go! You are a cruel, wicked man!' and I knew by his voice that the tears were in his eyes. The man looked back over his shoulder and laughed, but dear little Jack began to cry, and told William he was going home, and I didn't get any exercise that day."

The pony paused in an effort to make his hind leg reach his ear, where a particularly obstinate fly refused to be shaken off.

"Can I help you?" asked the bay mare politely, watching his struggles to make hoof and ear meet.

But the pony, being rather obstinate, too, declined assistance. When he had accomplished his object he went on with his story.

"After that Jack saw a good many things in the city to make his tender little heart ache. Now a horse straining with a load that would have been heavy for two, then a truck horse being beaten most unmercifully by his cruel, thoughtless driver. And he would get so excited over the poor animals slipping on the icy pavements, without a bit of salt to their feet, that William hardly dared to let him hold the reins at all, for fear of where he would guide me with his head over his shoulder.

"One day he came home crying again. He had seen a poor old truck horse fall and died in the street. I remember he met his mother as he was getting out of the cart. 'I just hate New York, mamma,' he said. 'I want to go home where the dogs and horses have a good time, and nobody hurts them.'

"His mother put her arms around him right there on the sidewalk and tried to comfort him, but he wouldn't stop crying.

"'O, the poor old horse!' he said. His eyes looked so tired, mamma, I wanted so to put my arms around him and tell him I was sorry.'

"'The poor horse is out of pain now, dear,' said his mother, and she took him into the house, so I didn't hear any more of what they said.

"Soon after that they came back here again, and dear little Jack was as happy as a colt from morning till night, that day, when I was grazing in this very pasture. Jack and his mother came out to visit me. I ran up to the fence to meet them, and Jack gave me some sugar and a thing he usually had in his pocket, and played with my mane. Suddenly he turned to his mamma and said: 'Mamma, do horses go to heaven?'

"'I don't know, dear—perhaps,' she answered

"'I didn't know, dear—perhaps,' she answered

"'Didn't know that truck horse go to heaven? He had such a hard time when he was alive?'

"But his mother only smiled and said again that perhaps he did. Then Jack cried out: "But I want him to go, and I want Billy and Fanny and Daisy to go and all the poor New York horses and mr dear, dear old pony—I want them all to go.'

"I thought from the sound of his voice that he was going to cry, but he went on talking in a minute. 'Horses have to work all the time they are alive, mamma. They have to work for their living. Dainty doesn't work for his living. (Dainty is that conceited little fox terrier that barked at you when you came yesterday) and the cats don't work for theirs, neither do the cows; only the dear, good, patient horses. They are tied up all the time, too, and can't even get a drink if it isn't given to them.'

"His mother told him then how many people were very kind to their horses, and loved them just as he did, and he was quiet for awhile, petting me, and thinking very hard about something. At last he said:

"'I've thought of something I'll do, mamma

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

RATCHFORD'S VIEWS.

President of the Mine Workers Reviews the Situation.

Columbus, July 19.—President Ratchford sums up the strike situation as follows: "The manner in which the miners are conducting themselves commends itself to the country and gives their officers renewed encouragement, and strengthens the belief that victory will ultimately crown their efforts.

"The history of industrial strife has no parallel to the present movement. Deputy marshals, coal and iron police, and secret detectives have been at work, but their presence has failed to incite the miners to acts of lawlessness or even to a resumption of work. Their presence in peaceable communities, with a chip on their shoulder, gave some cause for alarm, and ordinarily would have caused a resort to violence. But our miners in this instance, profiting by the experience of the past, would neither cause trouble themselves nor allow themselves to become involved in trouble by the action of others.

"Reports from some of the cities to the effect that coal supply is not short are only intended to discourage the miners. If the coal supply is not short, why are prices advancing?

"We have started into this movement realizing fully the importance of the work before us, and the responsibility resting upon us, and after two weeks of suspension, involving more than 150,000 miners, we are well satisfied with the results. Only those who are best acquainted with the condition of the miners have any idea of the extent of this suspension and its paralyzing effects upon the labor and business of the country. It has not yet reached its full proportions. The coming week will bring greater accessions to our ranks. The movement will continue to grow not only from the point of numbers involved, but public opinion will become crystallized more fully and, through the press of the country, will demand a solution of this great difficulty.

"The organized trades of the country are to-day in closer touch than ever before. Never in the history of labor troubles have they been found so closely allied. Our demand for living wages and the determination of our miners to secure it, have brought expressions of sympathy and moral and material support from almost every branch of organized labor, whose efforts in our behalf will endear them to all lovers of fairness, and establish for the miners, with their own efforts, a living rate of wages."

ROASTING DE ARMITT.

Chicago Federation of Labor Listens to a Hot Speech.

Chicago, Ill., July 19.—"William P. De Armitt is the greatest hypocrite between two oceans."

Former President Bainbridge, of the Illinois Mine Workers' Union fairly screamed this denunciation as he stood

W. P. DE ARMITT.

before 300 representative workingmen on the floor of the Chicago Federation of Labor yesterday.

Before the meeting adjourned five men were named to solicit food and clothing and forward it at once to the men who are waging their battle of principle.

Resolutions were adopted unanimously, expressing deep sympathy with the striking coal diggers and offering to them not only the moral support, that never was doubted, but aid that will be substantial and far more beneficial.

To all the bodies of wage earners affiliated with the federation an official appeal was made.

UNIFORMITY PLAN UNPOPULAR.

Cleveland Operators Say Miners Do Not Favor It.

Cleveland, O., July 19.—The coal situation in this section may be described as in a state of suspense. Operators are hoping for a settlement this week, but there is a feeling of apprehension that the correct method of solution has not yet been advanced.

The true uniformity plan is not popular here. Mr. Loftus Cuddy, an extensive Ohio operator, declared this evening that while the operators of the state were generally in favor of granting the miners concessions, he did not believe the miners themselves wanted it on the basis of true uniformity. The plan, he declared, was not wholly to the liking of the operators, either.

WHY DEBS IS THERE.

Said That He Can Do More With Miners Than Anybody Else.

Wheeling, W. Va., July 19.—Just why it is so may be a mystery to some, but it is a fact nevertheless that Eugene V. Debs will be able to do more just now toward bringing out the miners in the Fairmont region than any other man. A big meeting at Monongah Sunday demonstrated this when a local miner got up and declared that as soon as Debs came into the region the men would strike and that his influence would be greater than all the offers of the operators to pay bonuses on coal mines. This sentiment was loudly cheered. The organizers at work there admit that he must be brought into the field, and last night it was announced that he will be at Fairmount on Tuesday.

AGREEMENT WON'T WORK.

No Possible Chance to Settle Strike That Way.

Pittsburg July 17.—If Col. W. F. Read and J. W. Ellsworth refuse to sign the uniformity agreement proposed by W. P. De Armitt, their action will influence enough operators to do likewise, and the necessary 97, or even 95 per cent of the names of all the operators in the district will not be obtained.

District President Dolan last night said this was nothing more than he expected. Mr. De Armitt, he declared, knew his plan would not be approved by the necessary number of operators, and he was safe in proposing it.

J. R. Corey, president of the Corey Gas Coal company, whose mines are near Braddock, declares he will not sign the agreement. With those three operators opposed to the scheme at the beginning it is safe to say the efforts of the aribtrators to secure uniformity will not be successful.

There is no possible chance of settling the strike now by arbitration. This is conceded by operators and miners.

When Mr. De Armitt was before the arbitrators Tuesday, he said that under no circumstances would he meet Messrs. Ratchford, Dolan and Warner. So far as his mines are concerned, he said, he had nothing to arbitrate. All his men are working, he said, and satisfied with the wages they are receiving.

The other operators will not agree to any arbitration that does not include Mr. De Armitt. Col. Read worked on arbitration three or four days, and went home disgusted. He said some of the operators were hostile to any plan of arbitration. This was last Saturday. Since then there has been no change of sentiment.

The officials of the United Mine Workers' Union, while not opposed to arbitration, are not shouting for it. The local officials, taking their cue from National President M. D. Ratchford, say they have the strike won, and it is only a matter of time until the operators acknowledge defeat. While they will meet the operators, if the latter ask for a conference, they will want it understood beforehand that there will be no compromise on anything like the 60-cent basis proposed by Col. Rend. President Ratchford said this last Saturday evening when he left Pittsburg.

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NEW SUGAR KING.

Rockefeller Succeeds to Havemeyer's Diadem.

New York, July 16.—The question, "Who is the sugar King?" was asked by many Wall street men to-day. Strange to say, few could answer; and some who did answered wrong.

Since there has been a sugar kingdom the king has been a Havemeyer. Three generations of them make up the dynasty, Frederick C. and William F. Havemeyer, brothers, from Buchnburg, in Germany, began the business in the little Vandam street refinery in 1802. Their two sons, Frederick C., jr., and William F. Havemeyer, carried it on after they had gone. Their two brothers, Edward and Frederick, succeeded to the business in 1842.

After them came Theodore A. Havemeyer, son of Frederick, who wore the sugar-coated purple until his death last year, and then Henry O. Havemeyer, president of the greatest trust save one in the country. For a century there has been but one answer to the question—namely: "Havemeyer is the King."

During all this time the Havemeyers have never parted with the controlling interest in the business. For three-quarters of a century they owned it absolutely.

Control Has Been Sold.

Wall street was saying to-day that Havemeyer is no longer king of the sugar trade. It has been suspected by a few "insiders" for two weeks or more. The stock of the sugar trust has been cutting up curious capers. Large blocks of it, secretly secured by buyers connected with the Standard Oil Company, have been withdrawn from the market. The old time Havemeyer manipulations have ceased.

These facts led to the inference that sugar trust affairs are on a new basis. To-day the fact became apparent when half a dozen brokers who have been closely connected with the Havemeyer interest admitted that Henry O. Havemeyer was no longer the owner of the controlling interest in the American Sugar Refining Company.

One of these, himself one of the largest holders of sugar trust stock, who would not allow his name to be used, said: "Mr. Havemeyer has not for some time owned a controlling interest in the American Sugar Refining Company. No one man owns a majority of its stock. The control is held by a few men, who will act in conjunction to remove the stock as far as possible from a speculative basis and put it where it belongs—among permanent investment securities."

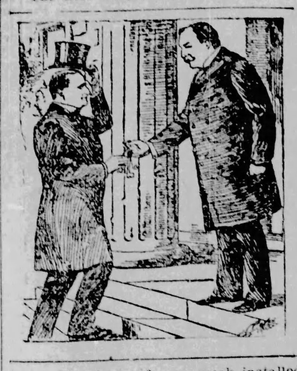
This statement was corroborated yesterday by five prominent brokers who are all holders of considerable blocks of sugar stock and who have been on the Havemeyer side of sugar transactions in the past. None of these brokers would talk of the Standard Oil connection with the trust, though others asserted as positively that Standard Oil buyers had gained control of the trust.

READ THIS, MCKINLEY!

Actions at the Inauguration, According to French Accounts.

Paris, France, July 16.—One of the French weeklies publishes a belated and "accurate" description of McKinley's inauguration which should prove interesting even at this late date, for the veracious French correspondent saw strange little details that escaped even the vigilance of the ubiquitous American reporter.

"The hero of the day," says the wise



types, "has been for a week installed with his family modestly in a little villa, far from the noise and the crowd.

"On Thursday, when noon struck, the President-elect, without uniform of any kind, clad in an overcoat and high hat, went on foot to the capitol to take the oath and come in contact with the people.

* * *

"He comes to the White House, all the time afoot, and continually hemmed in by thousands of people, singing 'Yankee Doodle.' Mr. Cleveland welcomes him and hands him the keys of the house.

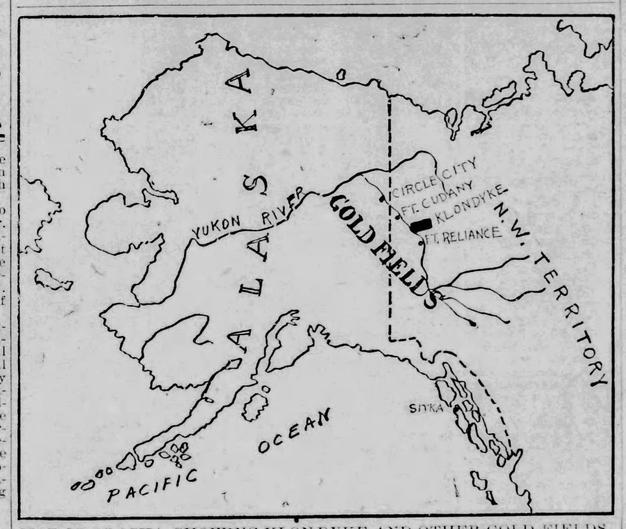
"But the fatigues of the day are not over for the new President. He has to be present at a public banquet of 10,000 covers at $1.25 a head, served in tents in a public garden. If wine is passed it is certainly not with the approval of the temperance societies, who have organized a demonstration the day before against the generous wines of France."

The French correspondent is most funny where he is most serious.

A TON OF GOLD.

Brought Down on a Steamer From Alaska.

Port Townsend, Wash., July 17.—At 3 o'clock this (Saturday) morning, the steamer Portland from St. Michaels for Seattle, passed up the sound with more than a ton of solid gold on board and 68 passengers. In the captain's cabin are three chests and a large safe filled with the precious nuggets. The metal is worth nearly $700,000, and the most of it was taken out of the ground in less than three months of last winter, and in size, the nuggets range from the size of a pea to a guinea egg. Of the 68 miners aboard hardly a man has less than $7,000, and of or two have more than $100,000 in yellow nuggets. One peculiar feature noticed is that the big strikes were made by "tenderfeet," while the old and experienced miners of many years' experience are suffering indescribable hardships and privations in Alaska and the Northwest territory, and have only a few thousand dollars to show for their labor. Fortune seemed to smile on the inexperienced men who went into the mining districts late last year, as nearly all of them were fortunate. The stories they tell seem to be incredible and far beyond belief. Instances are noted where single individuals have taken out, in two and a half months gold to the value of over $150,000.



MAP OF ALASKA, SHOWING KLONDYKE AND OTHER GOLD FIELDS.

Frank Phiscalor, of Bactoba, Mich., is another lucky miner. He went to the Klondike last autumn, and is now returning with $96,027, having worked the claims with nine men three months, and he still owns the claims. He was one of the original discoverers of the Eldorado district. Although most of the passengers are returning home with plenty of gold, they all advise and urge people who contemplate going to the Yukon not to think of taking in less than one ton of grub and plenty of clothing. While it is a poor man's country, yet the hardships and privations to be encountered by inexperienced persons, unusued to frontier life, is certain to result in much suffering. They should go prepared with at least a year's supplies.

Captain of the Excelsior Tells How the Gold is Worked.

San Diego, Cal., July 19.—An interesting letter telling of the recent trip of the steamer Excelsior to Alaska has been written by Capt. J. F. Higgins, of the steamer, to a friend in this city.

He says: "The word Klondyke means Deer River, and is called Reindeer River o nthe charts. It empties into the Yukon, 50 miles above the Big River. The geographical position of the junction is 76 degrees, 10 minutes north latitude, 138 degrees, 50 minutes west longitude. Bonanza Creek dumps into Klondyke, about two mles above the Yukon. Eldorado is a tributary of the Bonanza. There are numerous other creeks and tributaries the main river being 300 miles long. The gold so far has been taken from Bonanza and Eldorado, both well named, for the richness of the placers is truly marvelous. Eldorado, 30 miles long, is staked the whole length and as far as worked has paid.

"As each claim is 500 feet along the creek bed, there is half a million to the claim. So uniform has the output been that one miner who has an interest in three claims told me that if offered his choice he would toss up to decide. One of our passengers who is taking $1,000 with him has worked 100 feet of his ground and refused $200,000 for the remainder and confidently expects to clean up $400,000 and more. He has in a bottle $212 from one pan of dirt. His pay dirt while being washed, averaged $250 an hour to each man shoveling in. Two others of our miners who worked their own claims cleaned up $6,000 from the days' washing. There is about 15 feet of dirt above bed rock, the pay streak averaging from four to six feet, which is tunneled out while the ground is frozen. Of course the ground taken out is thawed by building fires and when the thaw comes and water rushes in they set their sluices and wash the dirt. Two of our fellows thought a small bird in the hand worth a large one in the bush and sold their claims for $45,000, getting $4,500 down, the remainder to be paid in monthly installments of $10,000 each. The purchasers had no more than $5,000 paid. They were twenty days thawing and getting out dirt. Then there was no water to sluice with, but one fellow made a rocker and in ten days took out the $10,000 for the first installment. So, tunneling and rocking, they took out $40,000 before there was water to sluice with.

"Of course these things read like the story of Alladin, but fiction is not in it with facts at Klondyke. The ground located and prospected can be worked out in a few years, but there is still an immense territory untouched, and the laboring man who can get there with one year's provisions will have a better chance to make a stake than in any other part of the world."

How the People Are Rushing to the North.

Seattle, Wash., July 19.—The excitement over the Klondyke mines is on the increase, and hundreds of people are preparing to sail for Alaska. The steamer Portland, which brought down over $1,000,000 in gold, is on her retrun trip, and will be crowded to her utmost capacity. Conservative men, who have been in the country, claim there is room for hundreds more in Alaska. They admit that all of the fields in the vicinity of Klondyke have been taken, but every river in Alaska is, in their judgment, filled with gold, which can be secured, if the men are willing to risk the hardships.

Inspector Strickland, of the Canadian mounted police, who came down on the Portland, says: "When I left Dawson City about a month ago, there were about 800 claims staked, and there were between 2,000 and 3,000 in there. We can safely say that there was about $1,500,000 in gold mined last winter. The wages in the mines were $15 a day, and the saw mill paid laborers $10 a day. The claims now staked out will afford employment to about 5,000 men, I believe. If a man is strong, healthy, and wants work he can find employment at good wages. Several men worked on an interest, what is termed a "lay" during the winter,and realized from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The mines are 35 to 100 miles from the Alaska boundary."

A detachment of mounted police from the Northwest Territory, which passed through Seattle two years ago, struck it rich. Five of the twenty guards returned with gold amounting to $200,000. The other fifteen remained in Alaska to engage in mining.

Mrs. E. A. Gage, wife of the son of the secretary of the treasury, came down on the Portland. She went north on it and was at St. Michaels. She says in an interview: "The country is enormously rich. The present gold digging are only a very small part of it, and there is little doubt that there are millions only waiting for the miners to come and dig out. The men from the Klondyke are not the men to exaggerate, for I have talked with people whom I knew to be truthful."

It is declared that there is no danger of food giving out, all reports to the contrary are not honest. The North American Transportation and Trading company will not allow a man to take any food north from Portland, but will guarantee to furnish him food for a year at less than $400. He can secure such a guarantee before leaving this city, so that starvation will not be one of the difficulties to stare men in the face.

LAKE ERIE WATERSPOUTS.

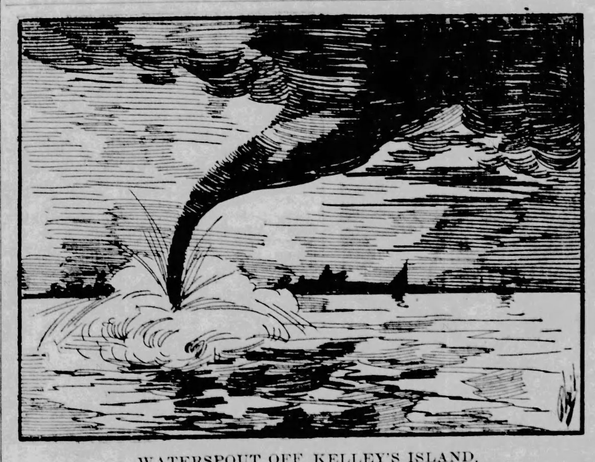
Eight Seen in a Week Near the Islands.

Kelley's Island, O., July 15.—The weather conditions since Sunday in the neighborhood of the Lake Erie islands have been extremely favorable for the formation of waterspouts. So far, there have been eight seen at various points in the lake in this vicinity since Monday.

On Tuesday afternoon a very large one was seen off this island. The steamer City of the Straits was on her way from Put-in Bay to Cleveland, and was only a couple of miles away from the waterspout when it formed.

A huge black cloud was to the southward, and assumed funnel shape, dipping down until the water of the lake rose to meet it, and a magnificent waterspout was formed. The sketch annexed gives a good idea of it at the time it was complete.

It remained in view for nearly 20 minutes. The black, whirling column became thinner and thinner, then broke and the display ended with a heavy downpour of rain.



WATERSPOUT OFF KELLEY'S ISLAND.

FAMOUS RESTAURATEUR.

Delmonico, the New York Caterer, Dangerously Ill at Paris.

New York, July 16.—A dispatch to the World from London, says that

CHARLES DELMONICO.

Charles Delmonica, the New York caterer, is dangerously ill in Paris, his mind having failed.

Rescinded the Order.

Kansas City, July 16.—Women prisoners are not to be put to work on the rock-pile with men in Kansas City, Kan. The board of commissioners, which decided last week that this should be done, have rescinded their order in deference to popular opinion.

PEARY STARTS.

Steamer Hope With Its Arctic Expedition.

Boston, July 19.—The steam sealing bark Hope with Lieutenant R. E. Peary and party on board, bound for Northern Greenland, left this port at daybreak today fully equipped for the voyage. The work of provisioning the vessel was completed only a short time before she sailed.

The object of the voyage is to establish a settlement at a remote northern point in Greenland, which shall be used as a base of supplies for an expedition in search of the North pole under Lieutenant Peary in 1898.

To this end a party of Esquimaux will be established at the new settlement, and will, during the next year, be engaged in making preparations for Lieutenant Peary's expedition.

In the party which left here to-day are 43 persons, including, besides Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary, and their daughter, their servants and the crew, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lee, of Meriden, Conn.; Robert Stein, of United States geological survey; Albert Operti, the famous Arctic scenic artist; J. D. Figgins, of Falls Church, Va., taxidermist; Dr. Frederick Sohon, surgeon, Washington, D. C., several investigating parties—one under the direction of Prof. C. H. Hitchcock, of Dartmouth, who will study glaciers, and the relics of the old Norse colonists from Iceland, and another from the Massachusetts institute of technology, under R. W. Porter, two will remain in the north through next winter, hunt the big game of the country and bring back zoological specimens.

There are also on board two representatives of the National Museum who are expected to bring home several tons of fossil flora for various museums.

The Hope will make direct for Sydney, C. B., where she will take on coal for the remainder of the voyage. The ship will skirt the coast of Greenland, dropping the scientific parties at various points and taking Lieutenant Peary to Whale sound, where his plans for establishing a settlement will be carried out. The return voyage will be begun, it is expected, in about five weeks after the Hope arrives, and the parties will be picked up on the way back.

CHARLES F. CROCKER DEAD.

One of the Most Prominent Railroad Men of the West.

San Francisco, July 19.—Vice President Crocker, of the Southern Pacific, died Saturday night.

General Hubbard, of New York, is the most prominently mentioned man as the first vice president of the Southern Pacific Railway company.

Charles F. Crocker was born in Sacramento, Cal., December 26, 1854. His father, Charles Crocker, the millionaire railroad projector, was a native of New York, but early in life moved to Indiana, and in 1849 came to California. The railroad magnate gave his son a good education, and desiring him to master the business he was destined to follow placed him, at the age of 21, as a clerk in the office of the division superintendent of the Oakland wharf. Here he worked faithfully for the same pay the other clerks received. Then, after a trip to Europe, he served as a clerk in the general freight office of the Southern Pacific in this city. To further advance him the office of third vice president of the company was created and conferred upon him. From this he rose to be the first vice president.

His father having died, he successfully managed the estate valued at over $20,000,000. He was popular with his associates and the general public. He died at his country home, Uplands, Santa Mateo county. He was a widower, his wife having died in 1883, leaving three children.

COL. C. F. CROCKER.

TALK THROUGH FENCES.

Fence-Posts Are Telephone Poles in This Novel System.

Highland Springs, Cal., July 15.—"Hello, Central! Give me Atherby's ranch."

Silence for about a minute.

"Well, Central, what's the matter?"

"I dunno, can't get 'em. I think there's a cow interfering with his barbed wire fence."

And "Central" was perfectly serious, too. Several ranches in the country lying southwest of this place are connected

HELLO, CENTRAL!

by telephone wires, which also do duty as barbed wire fences. The only trouble with the whole scheme is the interference of a horse or cow that demands the ancient privilege of rubbing its hairy side against the convenient posts.

Of course these wire fences will not carry as many connections as a single wire insulated, but in a general way the novel telephone is a perfect success, insulators are not required and the lines are raised over gateways.

It is possible for a ranchman, far from human dwellings and possessed of a few simple telephonic instruments, to ride to the barbed wire fence, establish connection, call up his home and tell his waiting wife when to put the dinner on.

MAKING READY.

Railroads Preparing to Handle the Kansas Wheat Crop.

Kansas City, Mo., July 19.—Long trains of empty freight cars have rolled out of Kansas City for two weeks and dropped off on threes and fives on sidetracks along the lines of railroad in Missouri, Iowa, Oklahoma and Kansas. The empty freight cars, which number thousands, will be filled with "new" wheat within four or five weeks. A tremendous grain rush is expected, and the best of management by railroad officials will be needed to prevent huge grain blockade, or a grain famine. Conservative estimates of crop statisticians place the yield of wheat for this year in Kansas alone at 60,000,000 bushels.

FORGAVE HIS WIFE.

If They Can Settle Their Troubles They Will Go to Europe.

Chicago, July 20.—The Bradburys have consented to talk about their reconciliation. The husband says:

"Our reconciliation is complete. I am again happy, so is Mrs. Bradbury, and so is Mrs Banning. Of course, the past

MRS. JOHN L. BRADBURY.

is to be regretted, especially the notoriety given us by the newspapers, but we will try to forget it. We are both young yet and have long lives before us. We have agreed to bury the past and forget the cause of our estrangement."

The wife says: "Yes, I am glad to be with my husband again. I am glad we are again good friends. The notoriety of the past three weeks is awful. I am sincerely glad that it is over. I am happy." This with a look and a smile at her dark-skinned husband. "Do we not appear so? I think we both look as if we were again on good terms."

"My sin, you ask?" She looked up quizzically to see if the questioner had put the query in real earnest. "I don't consider it in that light. I did wrong, perhaps; yes, of course, I did; but it was an emotion. The full meaning of my action did not occur to me at the time. I have realized it fully since, however."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SULTAN'S POLICY

Continues to Delay the Peace Negotiations.

Constantinople, July 20.—The ambassadors have forwarded to their respective governments their joint suggestions relative to the measures they think necessary in view of the contumacy of the Porte.

Pending the arrival of fresh instructions the negotiations with Tewfik Pasha have been entirely suspended.

England for Coercion.

London, July 20.—The Daily Telegraph's Vienna correspondent learns from trustworthy source that the British government has demanded the immediate coercion of Turkey. Russia, on the other hand, has declared that the moment for coercion has not arrived and that the situation must not be complicated. Germany, the correspondent states, has concurred in this view. The correspondent also stated that it is reported that Djevad Pasha has been appointed grand vizier.

ARBITRATION.

May Settle the Dispute Between Japan and Hawaii.

Yokohama, July 19.—The official press states that it is probable that the Japanese government will agree to the proposal of Hawaii and submit the dispute between the two countries to arbitration.

JEAN INGELOW DEAD.

End of the Famous Poet and Novelist.

London, July 20.—Miss Jean Ingelow, the distinguished poet and novelist, died in London last night. She was in her 77th year.

Jean Ingelow is the daughter of William Ingelow, and was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1830. Her father was a banker, and her mother was of Covenanter descent. She was 33 years old before her first book appeared, and it made such an impression that she was hailed as one of the greatest poets of the century.

JEAN INGELOW.

Poems of Jean Ingelow appeared at an opportune time to attract attention. Tennyson had been silent for a long time, and the novelty had been worn off Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. Her poems even ranked next to Longfellow's and above Tennyson's at that time. The English-speaking world was especially captivated by High Tide Off the Coast of Lincolnshire, a ballad cast in strange form, so musical that it sang itself, so quaint and tender and exquisite in its turn of phrase that there was never a word for its defects.

Wrote Some Famous Songs.

Her second volume of poems, entitled A Story of Doom, followed in 1867, and her third in 1885. In addition to her poems she has written various prose works for children, and four novels. Her Song of Seven, Divided, and Lauranee are supposed to be autobiographical. Many of her verses were set to music. Among these is Oh, Fair Dove, Oh, Fond Dove, the sweet, but mournful tale of a sailor's love. Mopsa, the Fairy was a fantasy that attracted much attention. Then followed her first novel, Off the Skelligs, her best work in that line, but Miss Ingelow is known to the present generation only as a poet.

The Ingelow home at Boston was quiet, unemotional and well disciplined, although there were eleven children. Jean was the last child and a brother a year older was her chum. He remained a bachelor, and they live together in a quaint little cottage in Kensington. She was surrounded by birds and flowers. Her conservatory was twice as large as the house, and it was a favorite habit of hers to give her pets free wing among the flowers while she watched and enjoyed both.

Not Precocious as a Child.

The poet was not precocious as a child, but she had a retentive memory. She was timid and would retire to corners to write down her fancies and treasure them in a box. She spent many lonely hours on the beach watching the billows of the sea and the passing of the ships. There is a sad note in many of her songs, and it has been surmised she was disappointed in love in her youth, but the world has never learned whether she was ever in love. When her first book came out it was thought she was writing under a pen name. She was ranked as the peer of Mrs. Browning, and it is difficult for the present generation to realize that she created so great a furore in her early career.

TERRORS OF WEYLER'S REIGN.

Men, Women and Little Children Perish From Starvation.

Washington, D. C., July 14.—Accounts of harrowing scenes come to Washington from Cuba by almost every mail. The horrors of concentration of the farming population in the towns grows more and more aggravated. Santa Clara, the capital of the province of the same name, is one of the places where Weyler ordered the poor people to leave the cultivation zone, extending three miles outside of the city, and to move within the circle of forts. Under the operation of that recent order the conditions have become worse than before.

"A few days ago a representative of this government visited Santa Clara to distribute relief to the American citizens suffering there. A physician gave the consular representative this from his latest experience.

"I will tell you what I saw this morning. I visited a house where I had a patient. The family begged me to go and see a family of reconcentrados near by. I found the father dead and his body lying on the bare floor. The mother was in a dying condition on the bed. Beside her were two children more dead than alive. That was only a few hours ago. I am sure that they are all dead by this time. Want of nouishment has done it. They did not need medicine. They needed food. I gave them a dollar, but I know it was too late to save them."

On the public square in the center of this Cuban city of nearly 20,000 people there had just occurred something which will hardly be credited, but the statement is vouched for by an official of the United States. When Weyler's supplemental order abolishing the cultivation zone was enforced a family of six persons was turned out of a hut, which was immediately burned. After vain efforts to obtain shelter this family camped on the edge of the plaza in the most frequented part of the city. The father thought it would be for only a night. In the morning one of the children, a little boy, died. Another child sickened and later the father was taken with the fever. Four members of that family perished in the little spot on the plaza in view of hundreds of daily passers.

The residents of Santa Clara are sadly impoverished but they were moved to take steps to share what they had with the reconcentrados. They organized a relief association, but, writes the American, "they had to give it up because the Spanish authorities began to say that it was a movement in the interest of the insurrection, and that there would be arrests if it went on."

THE PATRIOT GOMEZ

Issues a Message to the Inhabitants of Cuba.

Havana July 14, via Key West, July 17.—Gen. Gomez has issued a proclamation to the people of the island of Cuba in which he declares that he will soon be in the province of Havana with the main force of the Cuban army from Santa Clara province.

The General explains the reason for his movement westward in terms similar to those he employed in a recent interview on the boundary of Matanzas province, near Amarillas. He says he is going to give to the world a plain proof of the mendacity of Gen. Weyler in the assertion he has made that the war is important only in the eastern part of the island. Gomez praises the splendid efforts of the Cuban army during the last six months in the province of Havana. At the gates of the Spanish capital itself, the veteran general says, he will thank the army for its services.

He says regarding the proposed Spanish reforms:

"Spain might better stop all preparations she may be making to grant reforms to Cuba. We will accept neither reforms nor home rule. We have had enough of Spanish promises during 400 years of oppression. Spain must know that this war is only for independence, and that the Cubans will rather die than yield to another solution. The day we again lifted our flag of liberty we wrote on it, 'Independence or death.'"

Insurgent Chiefs Pardoned.

Havana, July 17.—Acting upon the suggestion of Captain General Weyler the queen regent has granted pardons to the insurgent chiefs, Rogelio, Camacho, Domingo, Gonzales, Castillo, Guillermo, Fuante and Rivero, who are under sentence of death.

THE KAISER'S EYES.

His Majesty's Vanity Led to Its Being Injured.

New York, July 19.—A dispatch to the World from London says: The injury to the kaiser's eye was the result of a characteristic exhibition of personal vanity on his part. He was informed that it would be unsafe if not impossible to lower the heavy steel pole masts of the Hohenzollern, his gikantic yacht, unless she was in dock and under a derrick. He replied that nothing was impossible with him, and said if the naval engineers were unable to devise means of lowering the mast while the ship was afloat he would teach them how. Accordingly he drew up a scheme for unshipping the mast by means of hawsers attached to the bow and to the other masts.

It was while a steel hawser was being rigged up under his personal direction that the rope snapped and the end struck him in the face. His eye was seriously injured. The kaiser bore the intense pain without flinching while in sight of his crew. But when he withdrew to his own cabin he threw himself on the bed writhing in agony. When by surgical aid he obtained some relief and returned to the deck with his eye bound up, and in spite of the urging of the officers, he had the pole mast lowered, doing considerable damage to the yacht's deck and rigging by the operation. Having given this demonstration of his "divine" power he had the crew summoned and prayer was offered up. The episode is due to one of those attacks of mania to which he is subject in midsummer.

The private letter from a diplomatic source in Berlin, giving this authentic account of the incident, says the eye is quite gravely hurt, and it is quite possible that the kaiser's sight may be permanently affected.

UP POPOCATAPETL.

Cable Line Will Soon Land Passengers at the Crater.

City of Mexico, Mexico, July 14.—The owner of Popocatepetl, Gen. Casper Sanchez Ochoa, expects within three or four months to complete his cable line to the crater. The line will run from Tlamacas to the crater, a distance of two and a half miles, and will be used for the transportation of sulphur to be prepared for the market. The road will also carry passengers. As soon as it is completed it will be possible to leave this city at 6 o'clock a. m. and be back at 6 o'clock p. m. and yet spend a couple of hours at the crater.

Coaches will carry tourists from the town of Amecameca to Tlamacas and the cable will carry them to the top in twenty minutes, a feat now scarcely accomplished in less than four or five hours.

THE MEXICAN DESERT.

May Soon Be Made to Bloom Like a Fertile Garden.

Sonora, Mex., July 15.—Water has been turned on in the great Yaqui ditch destined to irrigate the hitherto desert lands of the great valley of the Yaqui river. This marks the consummation of a great enterprise, which promises much for the future of northern Mexico and which has been carried on almost entirely with United States money.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

It Will Be Visible in Mexico and Scientists Will Observe It.

Mexico City, Mex., July 15.—On the morning of the 29th inst. an annular eclipse of the sun will take place, visible partially in Mexico, but to greater perfection at Aguas Calientes. A commission has been appointed to proceed to Aguas Calientes to observe the phenomena. The chief of that commission is Prof. Angel Anguiano and its other members are Jose M. Chacon, Francisco Rodriguez, Rev. Lieut. Col. Teodoro Quintana and Manuel Moreno Arias, the last named being the secretary of the commission. Prof. Anguiano left yesterday morning for Aguas Calientes to choose a site for the observations and the other members of the commission will depart to-day. They take with them a full set of instruments for photographing the eclipse.

SALISBURY ALL RIGHT.

Sealing Negotiations With Britain Are Friendly.

London, July 15.—While among the general public here the tone of Secretary Sherman's letter to Ambassador Hay regarding the Bering sea seal regulations is greatly resented, the correspondent of the Associated Press is in a position to say that whatever criticism the British government may have to make on the phraseology of the communication, the latter has not in any way effected unfavorably the negotiations which Col. Hay has been conducting.

A conference will be held in Washington during the autumn, at which the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan will be represented.

Since the presentation of Secretary Sherman's note to Lord Salisbury, Ambassador Hay has had repeated conferences with his lordship, all of which have been of the most friendly character.

The most conciliatory spirit is displayed in the matter by the British foreign office as is evident by the decision to hold a conference, which, although not yet formally announced, may be regarded as settled.

It may also be taken for granted that Canada does not oppose this decision.

Mr. Davies, the Canadian minister of marine, in an interview with the correspondent of the Associated Press to-day said:

"We regard the latest proposals of the United States as entirely reasonable. There is the friendliest feeling with regard to the negotiations between the two governments, and, in view of this, the two people should not be resentful. I think this is a reasonable view to take of the matter."

INDIA IS RESTIVE.

British Say That Native Papers Incite Riots in India.

London, July 19.—The cabinet council has recommended to the Indian government the establishment of a strict censorship over the native press, owing to the development that the recent assassination of Lieutenant Ayerst at Poona, and the riots at Calcutta, were due to publications in the native papers which are regarded as seditious.

The censorship, it is understood, will be as rigid as that of Russia, and the native papers will be prohibited from making any comment on the administration of Indian affairs, upon the action of the home government, or upon the conduct of British troops quartered in India.

The alleged seditious publications that provoked the riots, and which are still keeping Calcutta and other places in a ferment, simply charge the British troops with outraging or violating the modesty of native women, and of insulting the religious feelings of the Hindus a Mohammedans.

THE THRESHOLD OF WOMANHOOD.

It is a strange thing that kind and loving mothers often make such a grave mistake in dealing with their young daughters who are just coming into the time of womanhood. Mothers who attend and guide the days of infancy with tender solicitude, often seem to abandon their daughters upon the very threshold of womanhood, leaving them to proceed alone into a new and unforseen experience without proper light and guidance.

No kind mother would think of sending her young daughter upon a strange journey or into an unknown country

without proper protection and information about what was before her; and careful instruction as to her safe conduct and behavior. Yet how many mothers allow a mistaken sense of modesty to prevent that frankness toward their daughters and that timely attention which would save them an untold amount of future misery and unhappiness?

Many young girls entering this new phase of development suffer needless wretchedness and anxiety because of some special weakness or disease which might all be avoided by prompt and well-considered treatment.

There is no need of the repugnant "examinations" and local treatment so dreaded by modest women. Nine times in ten it is worse than useless. Nor is there any need of a woman trusting her health to the advice of a mere nurse or to a medicine compounded by an uneducated, incompetent person.

Any woman may obtain the most eminent professional advice obtainable in this country, by simply writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Mothers may write with utmost confidence to Dr. Pierce regarding their daughters' health, and will receive free of charge, careful instructions for the proper treatment and restoration to overcome these difficulties without the aid of a physician.

As an educated and experienced specialist in the treatment of women's diseases Dr. Pierce's reputation is unsurpassed. He has devoted thirty years to special study of the ailments peculiar to the feminine physiology. His "Favorite Prescription" is the one perfect specific for this class of disease. It is everywhere recognized as the most scientific and permanent cure for weakness and disease of the feminine organs.

For languid and nervous women, delicate wives, or prospective or nursing mothers this "Prescription" is the most remarkable nerve-builder and strength-maker in the world. It renders motherhood easy and natural. It shortens confinement; eliminates all the danger of delivery and most of the pain. Insures speedy recovery for the mother and abundant nourishment for the child. No other formula known to medical science has been so great a blessing to mothers and their children.

All women should read Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," the most remarkable volume of its kind ever published. 680,000 were sold at $1.50 each. A free edition in paper covers has been printed and one copy will be sent on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. If a handsomer, stronger, cloth-bound copy is preferred, send ten stamps extra, 31 in all.

WASHINGTON.

THE TARIFF BILL.

May Become a Law by the End of the Week.

Washington, July 20.—The conference report on the tariff bill was adopted by the House shortly after midnight by a vote of 185 to 118, and at noon to-day the report was sent to the Senate for action there. This eclipses all previous records. The result was accomplished after 12 hours of continuous debate.

But two speeches were made by the Republicans, one by Mr. Dingley in opening the debate and one by Mr. Payne (N. Y.) in closing it. The Democrats were thus forced to put forth speaker after speaker, but their bombardment of the Republican position was unanswered. In all ten Democratic and one Populist speeches were made.

Solid Republican Vote.

Every Republican in the house who was present voted for the report. The Democrats, with five exceptions, voted against it. The exceptions were: Slayden (Tex.), Broussard (La.), Meyer (La.), Davey (La.), Kleberg (Tex.). The Populists and silverites, abstained from voting: Hartman (silver, Mont.), did not vote. The Populists who voted against the report were: Baker, Barlow, Botkin, Fowler, Jett, Lewis, Marshall, Martin, Peters, Simpson, Stroud and Vincent. Four did not vote: Howard, Kelly, Stark and Southerland. The other Populists were absent.

An analysis of the vote shows that 180 Republicans and 5 Democrats voted for the report, and 106 Democrats and 12 Populists against it.

The Republican conferees to-day reported the agreement they had reached on the tariff bill to the full conference committee and also made public a statement concerning the conference report in which it reviewed the changes made. Of sugar the statement says: "The house differential between raw and refined sugars and the general features of the house schedule are preserved, and the senate amendments increasing the differential to one-fifth and providing for a reduction of one-tenth of the duty on raw sugars not above 87 degrees, which would have given a duty of $1.39 on 88 degree sugar and only $1.26 on 87 degree sugar, are not adopted. In deference to the wishes of those interested in beet sugar production the senate rate of $1.95 on refined sugar might be retained as an increased encouragement to this industry, the duty on raw sugars is increased seven and one-half hundredths, so as to make the increase on them the same as the increase on refind sugar and thus leave the differential between raw Sugar and refined the same as in the house bill. And to meet the objection which has been urged that the house rates on low-grade raw sugar show a higher advalorem than those on the higher grades the duty on 87 degree sugar is reduced five hundredths of one cent and then the duty per degree increased regularly from three hundredths (as proposed in house bill) to three and a half hundredths in order to raise the duty on raw sugars the same as on refined.

By this arrangement the duty on raw sugars of 100 degrees purity is raised from $1.75 (as proposed originally by the house) to $1.82½, and the duty on refined sugar is raised from $1.87½ (as proposed originally by the house) to $1.95, thus giving the same differential of twelve and a half hundredths between raw and refined sugar at this point, was originally given by the house.

As this arrangement will increase the revenue over two millions of dollars and at the same time give additional encouragement of the production of sugar in this country it is thought to be a desirable consummation.

Sugar.

The paragraph in relation to sugar in full follows:

"Sugars not above No. 16 Dutch standard in color tank bottoms, sirups of cane juice, melada, concentrated melada, concrete and concentrated molasses testing by the polariscope not above 75 degrees 95.100 per pound, and for every additional degree shown by the polariscopic test 35.1000 of one cent per pound additional, and fractions of a degree in proportion; and on sugar above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, and on all sugar which has gone through a process of refining, one cent and 95.100 of one cent per pound; molasses testing above 40 degrees and not above 56 degrees, three cents per gallon; testing 56 degrees and above, six cents per gallon; sugar drainings and sugar sweepings shall be subject to duty as molasses or sugar, as the case may be, according to polariscopic test. Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to abrogate or in any manner impair or affect the provisions of the treaty of commercial reciprocity concluded between the United States and the king of the Hawaiian Islands on January 30, 1875, or the provisions of any act of congress heretofore passed for the execution of the same."

The conference restores the house rate of 20 per cent on sugar cane; saccharine is made $1.50 per pound and ten per cent advalorem.

The confectionary paragraph is changed to read as follows:

"Sugar candy and all confectionary not specially provided for in this act, valued at 15 cents per pound or less, and on sugars after being refined when tinctured, colored, or in any way adulterated, four cents per pound, and 15 per cent ad valorem; valued at more than 15 cents per pound, 50 per cent advalorem. The weight and the value of the immediate coverings, other than the outer packing case or other covering shall be included in the dutiable weight and the value of the merchandise."

The statement of the Republican conferees made the following explanation of the effect of the changes agreed upon by the conferees in the schedules other than the sugar schedule:

Metals and manufactures of—The reductions of duties on some forms of iron and steel proposed by the senate are accepted in part as proposed, and several new paragraphs are introduced not heretofore specifically provided for.

Cotton ties, which were placed on the free list by the senate, are restored to the dutiable list at a reduced duty of 5-10 of 1 cent.

Tin plates are placed at the rate of duty provided in the bill as it passed the house.

Structural iron is reduced 1-10 of a cent.

The senate amendment (270) on pocket knives, which is substantially the same as the paragraph passed by the house, is agreed to, and compromise rates adopted on guns.

The house agrees to senate amendment 316, increasing the duty on lead ore to 1½ cents, and the duty on pig lead (321) is placed at 2½ cents.

SITUATION IN HAWAII.

Watchful Eye Being Kept on Japan, but No Hostile Move is Feared.

Watchful Eye Being Kept on Japan,

Washington, July 14.—The Evening Star says: There is no uneasiness among the friends of annexation in Congress about the Hawaiian situation. Neither the attitude of Japan nor the persistent opposition of the sugar trust, it is believed, can weaken the position of the administration.

The foreign relations committee of the Senate meets to-day and Senator Davis, the chairman of the committee, said that he was going to try to secure a favorable report on the Hawaiian treaty at this meeting if a quorum could be obtained. It is not the present expectation that the treaty of annexation will be taken up at this session, but a situation exists which may hasten the matter. It is believed that if the attitude of Japan toward Hawaii becomes more threatening it will force annexation at once, though the friends of annexation will not be in haste unless developments render speedy action necessary.

The Bennington, now on the California coast is being fitted out to take the place of the old cruiser Marion at Honolulu. The Marion was ordered home some time ago, but an accident to her machinery delayed her for several months, and the order has now been repealed. Though there has been talk of sending the battleship Oregon to Honolulu to reinforce the Philadelphia, it is said at the navy department that no such orders have issued and it is more probable that she will be kept in the neighborhood of San Francisco in perfect condition and ready for sea orders at short notice. Admiral Beardslee will soon be relieved at Honolulu by Admiral Miller, if the latter, now on his way home from England on the Brooklyn, does not ask to be relieved of his orders in view of his domestic affliction. It is said that Admiral Beardslee has not been sent any orders recently. When he went out to Honolulu some months ago he was charged to maintain the status quo there having in mind the fact that the President intended at his convenience to submit an annexation treaty to the Senate. That was before there was any idea that Japan would lodge a protest against the treaty, and though the admiral's orders hold good at this time, the explanation, it is believed, will divest the fact of any hostile meaning towards Japan.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

TART INSTRUCTIONS

In Which Secretary Sherman Arraigns British Sealing Policy.

Washington, July 15.—Important and exhaustive instructions have recently been sent by Secretary Sherman to Ambassador Hay for his guidance in urging on the British government a compliance with the provisions of the Bering Sea award. They show at length England's policy of procrastination, her continued failure and refusal to support this government in its efforts to prevent the extermination of the seal herd and the anxiety of the United States, frequently made known to the London foreign office, that steps should be taken to preserve the seals as an obligation imposed by the Paris tribunal.

NOMINATIONS.

President Sends a Long List to the Senate.

Washington, July 14.—The President to-day sent the following nominations to the Senate:

William L. Merry, of California, to be minister to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Salvador.

Horace N. Allen, of Ohio, to be minister resident and consul general to Korea.

Perry M. De Leon, of Georgia, to be consul general at Guayaquil, Ecuador.

To be consuls of the United States—Wm. L. Sewell, of Ohio, at Toronto, Ont.; Edward H. Ozmun, of Minnesota, at Stuttgart, Germany; Henry W. Diederich, of the District of Columbia, at Magdeburg, Germany; Charles W. Erdman, of Kentucky, at Furth, Germany; Samuel E. Magill, of Illinois, at Tampico, Mexico; George J. Corey, of Illinois, at Amsterdam, Netherlands; Grenville James, of New York, at Prescott, Ont.; Radcliffe H. Ford, of Maine, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Frederick W. Hoeseld, of Iowa, at Trieste, Austria; John C. Covert, of Ohio, at Lyons, France; William K. Anderson, of Michigan, at Hanover, Germany; William W. Henry, of Vermont, at Quebec, Canada; John F. Caples, of Oregon, at Valparaiso, Chile; Daniel T. Phillips, of Illinois, at Cardiff, Wales; Mahlon Van Horne, of Rhode Island, at St. Thomas, West Indies; Adam Lieberknect, of Illinois, at Zurich, Switzerland; James M. Shepard, of Michigan, at Hamilton, Ontario; Wm. Harrison Bradley, of Illinois, at Tunstall, England; Charles A. McCullough, of Maine, at St. Stephen, N. B.; Paul Lang, of New Hampshire, at Sherbrooke, Quebec; Charles Deal, of New York, at St. Johns, Quebec; Delmar J. Vail, of Vermont, at Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Edmond Z. Bradowski, of Illinois, at Breslau, Germany; Joseph G. Stephens, of Indiana, at Plymouth, England.

Washington, July 15.—The President to-day sent to the senate the following nominations:

Roland T. Rombauer, of Montana; Edwin S. Hathaway, of Montana, and Wm. V. Tompkins, of Arkansas, to be commissioners to examine and classify lands within the land grant, and indemnify land grant limits of the Northern Pacific Railroad company in the Missoula land district in Montana.

Joseph C. Auld, of Montana, James A. Johnson, of Montana, and Watson Boyle, of District of Columbia, to be commissioners to examine and classify lands within the land grand and indemnify land grant limits of the Northern Pacific Railroad company in the Bozeman land district in Montana.

Cyrus Leland, jr., to be pension agent at Topeka, Kas.

Charles S. McNichols, of Illinois, to be agent for the Indians of the Colorado river agency in Arizona.

To be receivers of public moneys—C. Frost Liggett, at Lamar, Col.; Alvah Eastman, at St. Cloud, Minn.; Richard H. Jenness at O'Neill, Neb.; William Q. Rault, at Missoula, Mont.

Isaac E. Lambert, attorney of the United States, district of Kansas.

Washington, July 17.—The President to-day sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Terance V. Powderly, of Pennsylvania, to be commissioner general of immigration.

To be collectors of internal revenue—Frederick E. Coyne, of Illinois, for the first district of Illinois; David A. Nunn, of Tennessee, for the fifth district of Tennessee.

George W. Heist, register of land office at Sidney, Neb.

Charles S. Johnson, of Alaska, to be United States district judge for the district of Alaska.

INTERFERENCE RESOLUTION.

It is to Secure the Release of Americans Now in Prison.

Washington, July. 15.—Another blow was struck at Spain yesterday. It is in the form of a report from the Senate foreign relations committee, and it virtually asks the President to interfere in the case of the Competitor prisoners.

The resolution is as follows: "That the President be empowered to take such measures as in his judgment may be necessary to obtain the release from the Spanish government of Ona Melton, Alfred O. Laborde, and William Gildea, and the restoration of the schooner Competitor to her owner, and to secure this he is authorized and requested to employ such means or exercise such power as may be necessary."

The report recites all the facts that have been brought out in the Competitor case, her ownership, capture, and citizenship of the three men named in the resolution, together with the proceedings thus far had by the Spanish authorities, the trial, sentences, etc. The report characterizes it a "mockery of a trial." The affidavits of the parties are cited to show that they were coerced into Spanish waters, in which case they were not amenable to Spanish jurisdiction. They were not subject to piracy and intended no act of depredation on the high seas, nor were they subject to the Spanish authorities on account of alleged rebellion.

In closing the report says: "It is now fourteen months since they were arrested, during all of which time they have been held in the Cabanas fortress as prisoners. Melton and Laborde are unquestionably citizens of the United States. Gildea is a British subject, but was a sailor on an American vessel when taken, was acting as its mate, and it is the opinion of your committee that he is entitled to be protected by this government. He was serving under the flag and he is entitled to be protected by it. In our opinion, these acts of delay and denial of justice and of the infliction of injustice violate and make void any right which Spain had in the beginning of this transaction to proceed criminally against any of these men. This government should demand that they be set at liberty and the Competitor be restored to her owner, as there is no evidence that the owner knows anything about the divergence of the vessel from its regular voyage to Lemon City, Fla."

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

These Figures Do Not Look Much Like Hard Times.

Washington, July 16.—The monthly statement of the exports and imports of the United States issued by the bureau of statistics, makes the remarkable showing that never before in the history of the country have the exports of merchandise, which includes practically all the exports, except gold and silver, reached so high a figure as during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, nor has the excess of exports over imports ever been so large. The statement for 1897, with comparisons, is as follows:

Exports of domestic merchandise, $1,032,998,880, increase over 1896 about $170,000,000.

Total exports of domestic and foreign merchandise, $1,051,987,091, as compared with $882,606,936 for 1896. The total imports of merchandise during the fiscal year just closed amounted to $764,373,905. The total imports were about $15,350,000 less than last year, and the excess of exports over imports for the year was $287,613,186. This is an excess of about $185,000,000 over last year and an excess of about $23,000,000 over any previous year.

The figures for June also show an important gain. The domestic exports of merchandise during that month amounted to $72,866,880, a gain over June, 1896, of $8,000,000. The imports for June amounted to $84,826,110, as compared with $56,163,740 for June, 1896. The exports of gold, including ores, for the fiscal year 1897 amounted to $40,359,780, as compared with $112,409,947 for 1896. The imports of gold amounted to $85,013,575, an increase of $51,500,000 over 1896.

The exports of silver during 1897 amounted to $61,946,638 and the imports $20,533,227. The excess of gold imports over exports therefore was $44,655,795, and the excess of silver exports over imports $31,413,411. Never before has the silver movement, both export and import, reached so high a figure.

JAPAN AND SPAIN

Have Not Formed Any Alliance Against the United States.

Washington, July 17.—At the Japanese legation here no credence is given to the report cabled from London that the Spanish and Japanese governments have entered into an alliance against the United States. It is pointed out that the Spanish newspapers are nearly as bitter in their denunciations of the Japanese, whom they charge with giving material aid to the Philippine insurgents, as they are against this government for permitting arms and men to be sent to Cuba.

It was stated in the most positive terms that there was absolutely no truth in the rumor, and it was explained that the presentation of the chrysanthemum decoration to King Alfonso had no significance whatever so far as the United States is concerned, and does not imply any change in the relations between Japan and Spain.

The State Department has no information whatever of any alliance between Spain and Japan.

A Madrid dispatch says: Inquiry at the foreign office here develops the fact that nothing is known regarding the reported alliance between Spain and Japan.

SETTLED THE TARIFF.

Senate and House Conferees Get Together at Last.

Washington, July 17.—The Senate conferees on the tariff bill were called into the Senate very soon after 12 o'clock today by a summons to make a quorum. They had not been in the chamber five minutes before a rumor gained currency that they had agreed upon a report. The rumor was in the main confirmed by the admissions of the conferees a few minutes later. They would not say to representatives of the press that they had absolutely agreed upon all the items of difference, but admitted even to the press that the conference was so far advanced that they hoped to summon the Democratic members of the committee by Monday.

for that.

The conferees stated in conversation with brother Senators that there was still considerable in the way of detail to be done, but that there was nothing unsettled which could possibly prevent completion of the bill in time to allow of the presentation of the report on Monday.

$300 PER TON.

Price on Armor Plate Fixed by the Senate.

Washington, July 14.—The price to be paid for armor plate for the three battleships now in course of construction was the theme of extended, and at times lively debate, yesterday. Late in the day an amendment to the deficiency appropriation bill was agreed to restricting the price of armor plate to $300 per ton, or $125 less than the amendment reported by the committee and recommended by the navy department as the minimum rate acceptable to the armor contractors. Another amendment inserted in the bill directed the secretary of the navy to investigate as to the establishment of a government armor factory and to report to the next session of Congress.

FEES TO BE RESTORED.

President Determined to Reverse Mr. Cleveland's Order.

Washington, July 20.—It will be good news for the people who have been lucky enough to secure consular appointments, as well as those who rest in confident expectation of favors of that kind in the near future, to know that the President has finally determined to restore the fees that were cut off by the last administration. The order will be promulgated in a few days.

M'CORD WINS.

After Much Wrangling the Appointment Goes Through.

Washington, July 17.—McCord has been confirmed as governor of Arizona. The vote on McCord's confirmation as governor of Arizona was taken immediately after the Senate went into executive session to-day and without further debate. The vote stood 29 to 18.

Ship Canal Report.

Washington, July 15.—Major Symons has made a report to the chief of engineers of the army on the preliminary examination into the subject of a ship canal from the great lakes to the navigable waters of the Hudson river, and it has been submitted to the secretary of war. The report, which is said to be full of interesting information, will not be made public until it is submitted to Congress.

Pension Agency Order Suspended.

Washington, July 15.—President McKinley has issued an order suspending the operation of ex-President Cleveland's order consolidating the pension agencies of the country and reducing their number to nine from eighteen.

Agreed to Treaty.

Washington, July 14.—The senate committee on foreign relations agreed to-day to report a resolution for the ratification of the Hawaiian annexation treaty without amendment.

THRILLING START OF ANDREE.

Came Near Being Wrecked, but Finally Went North.

New York, July 19.—The Journal has the following cable from Berlin:

"The Lokal Anzeiger publishes an exhaustive dispatch from its special correspondent, who, as an eyewitness at Tromsoe, in Finmark, depicts in detail the thrilling ascent of Professor Andree and departure toward the aerial region above the North Pole. The correspondent says:

"Heavy clouds had obscured the sun from view all day Saturday and an icy rain chilled the night. Early on Sunday morning, however, we were greeted by a clear, blue sky and dazzling sunshine. We were on board the Svensksund, and a vigorous, almost stormy, wind whistled through the rigging.

"At 11 o'clock Professor Andree, looking more bold and daring than ever, invited the party to go ashore with him. He ordered his men to tear down the front wall of the balloon shed as quickly as possible.

"On account of the heavy wind, which grew more violent every moment, conversation was almost impossible. Professor Andree was compelled to make use of a large speaking tube in order to make his commands audible to his men. The rest of the party had to shout their remarks to one another. Under the nimble manipulations of the sailors it did not take long to loosen the northern wall of the shed, so that the balloon had a free outlook in the direction in which it was intended to make the ascent.

"Professor Andres now ordered his men to bring out the small balloons in order to test the direction of the wind as accurately as possible. All of them took at once a due north direction. Next the professor had the basket quickly fastened to the balloon. A small cage with carrier pigeons was placed in the basket, and finally a small flask containing the first ready-made dinner for the audacious trio, who, perhaps, might never return to enjoy a warm meal in the hands of civilization.

"Before Andree and his companions stepped into the basket he hastily dictated a farewell telegram to his majesty King Oscar of Sweden, and also one to Afton bladet, a leading paper of Stockhom.

"The next moment the last ropes which held the balloon were cut, superfluous ballast sacks were thrown overboard, and while the three aerial navigators shouted a loud greeting to Sweden and her king, the mighty air vessel shot upward to a height of about 200 feet above the sea.

"The furious gale, which now assumed a northeasterly direction, threatened at one time to wreck the explorers against the rugged cliffs of Smeerenbrugsund, when an unexpected squall suddenly struck the balloon squarely on top, so that the basket for a few seconds was dipped slightly under the waves.

"When the balloon rose from the sea the heavy northeaster again threatened to dash the basket and its occupants against the rocks of the Smeerenburgsund's promontory. It swayed only a few feet above the rocks, but after overcoming this danger the vessel had a free sweep over the far-stretching Arctic ocean, and at 3 o'clock it disappeared altogether in the azure horizon.

"After the departure of Prof. Andree and his companions it was found that the dragging ropes, which were intended to measure the distance of the balloon from the earth, had been left behind.

"Some of the men, however, asserted that he had plenty of reserve rope in the basket for ballast, which he could use for the purpose."

IT IS TURLEY.

Governor of Tennessee Appoints a New Senator.

Johnson City, Tenn., July 20.—Governor Taylor last evening made the official announcement that he had appointed Hon. Thomas B. Turley, of Memphis, United States senator to succeed the late Isham G. Harris.

The senatorial contest has been a sharp and warm one. The governor, it is said, has experienced considerable difficulty in making the selection owing to the fact that the candidates in the main are his friends. His position under these circumstances can be better imagined than described.

In an interview with the governor immediately after the appointment he said; "I have chosen Mr. Turley because I wanted to honor the memory of Isham G. Harris. I have chosen him because of his pre-eminent ability and fitness for the exalted position of United States senator. I have chosen him to represent all the people of Tennessee, but in so doing I felt it my duty to make the selection from the grand division of the state from where the dead senator was elected again."

Mr. Turley will leave for Washington to-night, and hopes to reach there and take his seat in time to vote against the tariff bill.

Mr. Thomas B. Turley was born in Memphis, Tenn., April 5, 1845. His father was the late Thomas J. Turley, who died in Memphis August 1, 1854. His mother was Mrs. Flora C. Turley, a daughter of Willam Jattie, one of the earliest settlers about Memphis. She died a few years ago. Mr. Turley's father's family was Virginian, and his mother's North Carolinian. He attended various schools of Memphis up to the breaking out of the late civil war. He enlisted in the first year of the war in the Maynard Piffles, Company L, One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee Regiment. He was wounded twice—once at Shiloh and again at Peace Tree Creek, in front of Atlanta. He was captured in the battle of Nashville and taken to Camp Chase, O., where he was held until March, 1865, when he was exchanged and returned South.

After the war Mr. Turley passed two years at the University of Virginia, where he was a law student. Since 1869 or 1870 he has been practicing law in this city. At the present he is a member of the firm of Turley & Wright. He has never held office of any kind. He was married in 1870 to Miss Irene Rayner, daughter of the late Eli Rayner, of Shelby county. Five children have been born to himself and wife, all of whom are living.

FIRE INSURANCE WAR.

Cheaper Policies Seem Likely in the West.

Chicago, July 15.—There is a fire insurance war. The outcome will be cheaper policies. At present Chicago and Illinois and the states which surround them are affected and the indication is that the battle will extend throughout the entire west.

This war is over insurance which covers dwellings and their contents, private barns and their contents, churches and school-houses and their contents, public buildings and their contents and brick mercantile buildings.

The first gun was fired Monday by the governing committee of the Western Union, an organization of the strongest companies covering all of the western states from Ohio to Colorado.

In order to meet the competition of the many companies not members of the organization this committee decided to reduce the rates on the classes of business enumerated from 25 to 50 per cent, in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin, Chicago being entirely excepted from the provisions.

The union companies claimed that what are known as the non-union companies were paying high commissions for "preferred" business, and were securing the most desirable portion. Their order was dated to take effect to-day.

Managers of non-union companies were naturally up in arms at this radical attempt to invade their stronghold, and yesterday R. H. Garrigue, general agent of the Merchants' Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J., for a large western field, with headquarters in this city, went the union organization one better and has notified his agents that his companies are ready to accept the same reductions throughout Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, including Chicago and the county of Cook, until further notice.

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

She Was an Ohio Woman and Had a Remarkable Career.

Topeka, Kan., July 19.—To-day the Grand Army posts of Kansas are honoring the birthday of Mrs. Mary Bickerdyke, the famous army nurse, and there is not an old soldier in the United States who will not gladly devote one day in the year to the honor and praise of her who was foremost in that band of devoted women who in hospital and on battlefield ministered to the sick and dying and did all in their power to alleviate the horrors of the civil war. Many were as heroic

MOTHER BICKERDYKE.

and self-sacrificing and loving as she, but few were so unique in character, so fearless and resolute in overcoming all obstacles. The rank and file of the soldiers felt she was peculiarly their friend, and they called her "Mother" Bickerdyke. The story of her life is a thrilling and interesting one.

Mary Ann Ball was born at Mount Vernon, O., July 19, 1817. She was descended from the Pilgrim Fathers and the old Knickerbockers.

When the civil war had become a reality she was one of the first to realize that it meant sickness, and pain, and death, and offering her services to the sanitary commission at Chicago, was accepted and sent to Cairo, Ill.

Many amusing incidents are told of "Mother" Bickerdyke's novel methods of overcoming the difficulties in her path. She had an absolute disdain for all "red tape," and usually did her work first and received her instructions afterwards. At Memphis the hospital was poorly supplied with milk and eggs, and the quality was poor and the price exorbitant. Mrs. Bickerdyke asked for a furlough to go home and get milk and eggs.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "you could not bring them down here if the North would give you all it had. The eggs would spoil before they could reach us, and how on earth would you bring the milk?"

"But I'll bring down the milk and egg producers," said Mrs. Bickerdyke. "I'll get cows and hens and we'll have milk and eggs of our own. I can get 50 cows in Illinois just for the asking."

The doctor protested, but Mrs. Bickerdyke, as usual, had her own way and came to Chicago. Some Illinois farmers gave her 100 cows, which Governor Yates shipped from Springfield to Memphis. The hens were sent down from the commission in Chicago. As Mrs. Bickerdyke re-entered Memphis with this triumphal procession of 100 cows and 1,000 hens she proudly said:

"These are loyal cows and hens; none of your secesh trash that give chalk and water milk and lay loud-smelling eggs."

President's Island in the Mississippi was given up to this novel immigration, and as long as Mrs. Bickerdyke remained in Memphis there was an abundance of milk and eggs for use in the hospitals.

In the flood of congratulations to "Mother" Bickerdyke, living now quietly in her Kansas home, will come letters from statesmen, ministers, and many persons noted in the higher walks of life who were once "her boys" whom she saved from death by her care and devotion. Her duties to the soldiers did not cease with the close of the war.

CHICAGO NOT IN IT.

Shoes Don't Come Big Enough for Gellehy's Pennsylvania Wife.

West Newton, Pa., July 20.—"Ike" Gellehy, who lives on a farm a few miles from here, got tired of paying exorbitant prices to have his wife's shoes made to order.

"Go to town, Sarah," he said, "and see

MRS. GELLEHY'S FAMOUS FEET.

if you can't git your shoes the way other people do."

"I jes hate to, Ike," she replied. "The last time I tried it the shoe feller said he hadn't anything except a packing-box that would fit."

But Sarah came to town, nevertheless, and a commercial traveller from Chicago saw Sarah's feet. He insisted on having careful measurements. Sarah took a No. 12 length and a No. 8 width, which is wider than is made. Her right foot measures 11 inches at the ball, 11½ at the instep and 14 at the heel.

Sarah made a weary round of all the stores, but had to give up in despair.

Meanwhile the commercial traveller took home to Chicago evidence for the prosecution in the slander suit of Windy City women's feet versus the funny paragraphers.

BLOOMERS WERE FLOWERS.

Invitation to a Church Party That Shocked Husbands and Fathers.

St. Louis, Mo., July 15.—Ladies of the Aid society of the Mount Olive Branch Pilgrim Congregational church sprung a harmless suprise on their friends by issuing an invitation to attend a bloomer lawn party. "All ladies attending must wear bloomers; those coming without will be provided with bloomers on their arrival."

This astonishing proposition created a furor of indignation. The papas of the congregation waited upon Pastor Libly to have him denounce the "bloomers," but Pastor Libly only smiled. Then the husbands and fathers went home in wrath and demanded to see the "bloomers" that their wives and daughters proposed to wear. Only one devoted little wifey in the hundred conspirators was willing to give the "snap" away, and she showed her husband a bunch of blooming sunflowers, which she admitted were the "bloomers." The horrid man told everyone, and now the demand for tickets to the "bloomer lawn party" has fallen off.

Mrs. Lease Will Run.

Topeka, Kan., July 19.—Mrs. Mary E. Lease is a candidate for governor on the Populist ticket.

She told her intimate friends to-day that she intended to succeed John W. Leedy.

There is nothing in the state constitution or state law that prevents a woman from holding that office, and Mrs. Lease has reached the conclusion that the time has arrived for the women to assert themselves.

Radway's Pills

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Dr. Radway & Co., New York:

It gives me great pleasure to voluntarily state that your Pills are much superior to others I have tried. Being greatly troubled with headache and costiveness, I find that they give me instant relief, which other Pills could not do.

PETER KIEFER

2550 North 3d st., Philadelphia, Pa.

25c a box. Sold by druggists or sent by mail by RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm st., New York.

PERRY'S PORCUPINE.

The Hull of the Old Boat Has Been Raised.

Detroit, Mich., July 15.—Incidental to the raising of the old schooner Porcupine, by E. C. Richards, principal of the Fruitport schools, a short account of that historic old craft would not be amiss, says the Grand Haven News.

In Perry's famous battle on Lake Erie the Porcupine played an important part and fought seventh in the line of battle, there being nine ships in the fleet. After the war of 1812 she became a trading vessel and eventually became the property of Barber & Mason, pioneer lumbermen on Grand river, who used her in the lumber trade, between Spring Lake, then called Mill Point, and Chicago. She was afterward sold to Ferry & Sons, who used her in their extensive lumber trade, until she became unseaworthy, and she was then sailed up into Spring lake and allowed to sink, in 1848.

During her last year on the lakes her condition was such that Capt. Pat Mahoney was obliged to hire a new crew at every point, as it was a case of "pump ship" in order to keep afloat.

Capt. Mahoney would change the worn out pump bolts for new ones and the new crew would examine the pumps with great satisfaction, which lasted only until they were outside the harbor.

Capt. Mahoney used to say that he had been shipmate with every able-bodied sailor on the lakes, but had a very short acquaintance with each.

Old residents of Grand Haven recall the time when they played upon the deck of this historic boat and were shown the traces of hard usage received in the famous battle on Lake Erie.

Col. Wm. M. Ferry, of Park City, Utah, formerly part owner of this craft, while visiting in Grand Haven the past winter, identified the boat raised by Mr. Richards as the one sunk by him a half century ago.

At the time of the exposition in Chicago there was some talk of raising this boat and placing her on exhibition at that place, but her condition would not warrant the undertaking.

Markets and Crops.

TRADE CONDITIONS.

Encouraging in All Lines, Except Coal.

New York, July 17.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Excepting the great coal miners' strike, which may terminate at any time, there is scarcely a feature of the business outlook which is not encouraging, the season considered.

Crop prospects have been improved by needed rain in some regions and foreign advices continue to promise a large demand. In many home industries, particularly in building, there is more activity than in any year since 1892, and the week has brought a better demand in boots and shoes and in woolens, while the movement of freight, mainly iron ore, through the Sault Ste. Marie canal, is the largest in its history. With the money markets included there is nothing in sight to hinder rapid improvement when uncertainty about legislation has been removed, for the miners' strike could not last long if business and industries should become active. There is much less apprehension of a failure of full supply than there was during the first few days when prices rapidly advanced, and large quantities of coal from West Virginia have reached northern markets, but some of the miners in that state have struck.

The advance in wheat to 81¾c was not due to the government estimate, which was followed by a decline, but to foreign advices and considerable buying for export. Demand is already felt from Australia, South Africa, Brazil and even Argentina, while the promise for European crops is not over-bright. The disposition of farmers to keep back wheat for higher prices may affect the outward movement, but Atlantic exports during July, flour included, have been 3,115,443 bushels against 2,053,817 last year, although in the same weeks, 4,659,315 bushels of corn went out against 1,574,072 last year. Wheat closed 4c higher for the week and corn 1½c higher. Cotton is higher, the closing or partial stoppage of important New England mills already neutralizing in market estimation the apprehension of injury from drouth.

The heavy loss of sheep in Australia, due to drought and speculation in wool here on tariff prospects have made wool prices higher with large sales, about 8,000,000 pounds at Boston alone, compared with 700,000 pounds in the like week last year, the world's available supply of wheat is probably the smallest at a like period in many years. Europe is expected to have to import 100,000,000 more bushels than last year and neither India, Australia, nor Argentine is expected to be able to supply its usual share. The general tendency of the price movement this week is to reverse the growing strength of quotations in the preceding fortnight.

Exports of wheat, flour included as wheat, from both coasts of the United States and from Montreal the week have been first sharp decline since last April, amounting to only 1,522,092 bushels, against 2,936,000 bushels in the week of July last year.

Exports of Indian corn amount to 2,723,510 bushels this week, two and a half times the quantity exported in the like week last year.

Failures for the week have been 203 in the United States, against 289 last year, and 27 in Canada against 39 last year.

REVEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., July 20, 1897.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 20.	July 13.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons	124½	124½
U. S. 4's (new) registered	123¾	124¾
U. S. 5's coupons	114¾	114¾
U. S. 5's registered	113¾	114¾
U. S. 4's coupons	112¾	112
U. S. 4's registered	111¾	111¾
U. S. 2's registered	96¾	96¾
Pacific 6's of '95	101¾	101¾

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Wheat opened to-day with a strong upward tendency and soon gained fully a cent. The factors of strength were sharply higher Liverpool markets, report of largely less crops in Hungary and bad outlook for the French and Roumania crops. When prices had got pretty well up there were free realizations of profits and the markets ambled down to nearly opening price. There was an effort then made to put a leverage under the markets, but they did not respond, as the bulls anticipated. There were quick fluctuations within small limits until well on toward the latter part of the sessions, when big takings for export were announced, and there was a hurrying to get wheat amidst great excitement. On the foreign exchange such expressions as "The McKinley prosperity is coming," "Silver laid to rest," etc., dealers point to the fact that back in the 70's wheat went skyward in the face of heavy receipts and a big crop. It is argued that the wave of prosperity has commenced, and that it will carry up with it not only wheat but real estate. Trade was active today especially for September.

Prices of wheat to-day:

July	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	75¾	76¾	75¾	76¾
Chicago	75	76¾	75	76¾
New York	75¾	77¾	75¾	77¾
St. Louis	73¾	74¾	73¾	74¾

At Chicago September wheat opened at 71¾c, rose to 72c, fell to 71¾c, rose to 72¾c and closed at 72¾c. At New York September wheat opened at 77¾c and closed at 78¾c.

At St. Louis September wheat opened at 73¾c, and closed at 74¾@74¾c bid.

Corn did not feel the effects to any extent of the upturn in wheat, as fine weather and liberal receipts held the markets from advancing sharply. The close, however, was toward firmness. At Chicago July corn opened at 26¾c, fell to 26c and closed at 26¼c nominal; September, 26¾c, 26⅛c 26¾c, then 26¾c asked. At New York July corn was worth 31¾c nominal; September, 31⅞c asked; close, 31¾c bid.

Primary receipts: Wheat, 469,000 bu.; same time last year, 647,000 bu.; shipments, 203,000 bu.; same time last year, 413,000 bu. Receipts of corn, 372,000 bu.; same time last year, 430,000 bu.; shipments, 518,000 bu.; same time last year, 250,000 bu.

The aggregate visible of breadstuffs in the United States, United Kingdom and afloat for Europe on July 3 was 49,000,000 bu., compared with 87,000,000 bu., same day in 1896, 105,000,000 bu. in 1895, and 112,000,000 bu. in 1894.

The Liverpool Corn Trade News of July 6 estimates the yield of wheat at 29 bushels per acre, against 33 2-3 bushels last year, and the total crop slightly smaller than last year. The Russian official report indicates that winter wheat is generally good in the West and Southwest and unsatisfactory in the Southeast, and most unsatisfactory in the northeast. The spring wheat crop is much better, and may be considered good in the West and Southwest, Northwest and North but poor in the east, southeast and central provinces.

Liverpool wheat closed 2d higher, futures, ⅜ to 2½d higher. Spot corn and futures, unchanged. Paris wheat, steady to 5 centimes higher. Antwerp, steady.

Bradstreet's shows: Decrease east of Rockies, 2,150,000 bushels; Europe, 2,100,000; total, 4,250,000 bushels; corn, decrease, 870,000 bushels; oats, increase, 940,000 bushels.

Beerbohm's London cable: Hungarian crop 4,500,000 bushels less than in 1896. French reports worse.

Telegram from Roumania says: It is estimated that 10 per cent of the wheat crop has been carried away by floods, and a further 20 to 25 per cent damage, of which latter some may yet be recovered.

Puts on September wheat at Chicago at 1.30 p. m. 71@71⅛c.

Export clearances of wheat to-day, 109,113 bushels; flour, 32,015 barrels; or wheat and flour as wheat, 273,182 bushels.

Pork at Chicago for July, nominally $7.67, September, $7.77½. Lard, $4.15, close, $4.17 nominal; September, $4.20; close, $4.25.

Oats for July at Chicago, 17c, close, 17¼c. Estimated receipts at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, cars, 63; corn, 420; oats, 230.

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